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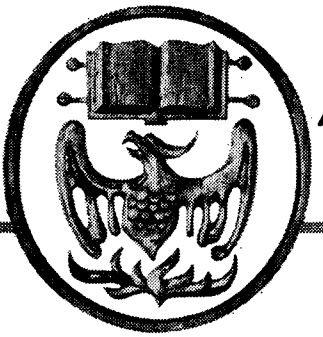

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the scholar cornered

"Author's Acknowledgments"

(by RICHARD H. ROVERE, after a bout with some recent works of American scholarship)

Like the six that preceded it, this seventh volume in my life of Raison d'Être owes its existence to many people besides its author. As d'Être himself once said, slightly paraphrasing his great contemporary, Washington Irving, *E pluribus unum* is a motto that could be as aptly applied to the work of scholars as to the young Republic to which both d'Être and the incomparable creator of the Leatherstocking tales made such signal contributions. I must, first of all, thank the directors of the Stone Foundation for the grants-in-aid that enabled me to take time out from my academic duties for the three years that were required to study the busy two years in my subject's life that this volume attempts to cover. To the trustees of Up State University; to its president, Dr. Peter Paul Mounds; and to my indulgent colleagues in the Department of Communications and Literature at Up, I must express my gratitude for their willingness to release me to undertake this work. I consider it impressive testimony to the importance they attach to it that they have accepted my absence from the campus for six earlier periods of similarly extended duration. I believe it was Michael Faraday who once remarked to Nicholas Murray Butler that culture is like an electric current and that it is the function of the university to generate it as well as to circulate it. At Up, this great principle is honored.

My fellow scholars, and perhaps the general reader as well, will be able to see that this would be a meager work indeed if I had not enjoyed access to the d'Être Papers, which are housed in the Poundcake, New Hampshire, estate of their proud owners, Mr. and Mrs. Madison Lexington III. A travel fellowship from the Twentieth Meridian Fund made it possible for me to journey to Poundcake and spend the summer of 1962 both profitably and pleasantly. Thanks to a most generous subvention from the Public Affairs Division of the Esposito Vending Machine Company, my secretary and chief researcher, Fredrika Grate, was able to join me there. Her part in this entire enterprise has been a large one. I would be deceiving

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only myself if I failed to acknowledge the services rendered by her and her able assistants, Ria Leech, Lenox Hill and Cynthia Esposito. It was they, one might say—borrowing the metaphor made famous by Carlyle in a letter to Thoreau—who "mined" the crude ore of research and "smelted" and "refined" it for its ultimate fashioning in my hands. In purely monetary terms, they were, I am only too well aware, insufficiently rewarded—despite generous assistance, for this phase of the project, from the Educational Department of the United Smelting and Refining Workers, AFL-CIO. I trust, though, that they found our joint endeavors intellectually rewarding.

It has become almost a truism to say that modern scholarship owes a great deal to the humble mimeograph machine. As each draft chapter of this volume was finished, I followed my customary practice and had one-hundred-odd copies "mimeo'd" and mailed to my fellow d'Être specialists and to other historians of the period. Their detailed corrections saved me, I am sure, much embarrassment. Their amplifying comments were in many cases incorporated into the text. Since all of their names are listed, either in footnotes or in the "General Works" section of the bibliography, I will forgo the pleasure of listing them here.

As my academic colleagues saved me from certain errors of fact and interpretation, F. X. Centric, Jr., Wendy Gomulka and the other competent editors at Harris, Kraus & Armour were more helpful than I can possibly say in calling to my professional attention those departures from accepted syntax that seem to be inevitable in a work of this kind. It cannot be said of my publishers that they are mere vendors of the completed work; they have been in a real sense collaborators.

It might seem to the layman that a work that has benefitted by so much close and expert scrutiny should be free from any scholarly or literary imperfections. We know from experience that such, alas, is seldom, if ever, the case. It has, indeed, been known to happen that friends and colleagues, in their zeal to rid such a work as this of all error, have actually introduced error into it. However that may be, I am bound to say that I assume full responsibility for whatever flaws of detail or of logic may be found in this work.

The manuscript was typed by Miss Olive Etting. The bibliography was compiled by Mrs. Opal Citroen. A superlative index was once more prepared for me by Miss Conchita Zeroz.

I cannot close without a mention of my wife, Joyce Fenway Overlook. As always down through the years, she has endured both my presence and my absence with calm and patient good humor. Her advice has been invaluable, and her criticism has been, as doubtless good criticism should be, severe.

October, 1963 H.O.O.

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If You Don't Mind My Saying So. . . . . .

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

One of the most gratifying privileges of the essayist is that of expressing opinions on subjects he doesn't know much about. I hope I don't usually push that privilege as far as I intend to push it this quarter, but I am going to say that I find most modern architecture unpleasing or worse.

To begin more modestly than I propose to continue, I will say first of all that I have long been puzzled by the cult of functionalism when carried to the point where it despises as superficial ornament everything not serving the immediate purpose of shelter, comfort, convenience and so forth. Has any architecture that took itself seriously as art as well as utility ever before our time been in this sense purely functional? I grant in a pinch that Gothic ornamentation like that atop the old Woolworth Building seems somewhat inappropriate, but I prefer even that to the glass box or the unadorned monolith. Even if the beautiful is always functional (which I rather doubt) it does not follow that whatever is efficiently functional must be beautiful. I have looked at least casually at many buildings, including Thailand temples, Gothic cathedrals and Renaissance palaces, and except for a few fortresses and prisons I cannot remember a single impressive example anywhere of a beautiful building that was purely functional in its design.

Perhaps this last qualification should be itself somewhat qualified. Two years ago I saw for the first time the remains of the Crusaders' castle at Sidon. I presume that its builders aimed at security from attack first of all and second at such meager comfort as could be made compatible with their primary purpose. Yet to me it was evident from the very considerable remains that however functional the building may have been, it is not merely monolithic, and I do not believe that it seems to me dignified, even beautiful, merely because I have projected upon it romantic notions. Whatever the Lever Building in New York may be, it will never make an interesting ruin.

Like all medieval castles, the fortress at Sidon cannot have been a very comfortable place to live in. Given the choice, I should probably choose to take up residence in the dreariest modern apartment house rather than in the most picturesque medieval castle. But either one of two things must be true. Either there is some fundamental incompatibility between aesthetic effect and comfort as we understand it, or we have not found the way of making them compatible.

In the English magazine the *Countryman* I once saw photographs of three bridges across the same modest stream—one medieval, one seventeenth-century and one quite recent. Judged purely by the eye, the first was the most pleasing, although the simplest in its lines; the second, although deliberately ornamented, was less so. The third was not to me pleasing at all, however useful it may be. The same comparisons could be made over and over again where ancient and modern stand in close proximity. Modern gains in efficiency seem to entail almost always a loss of something that pleases the eye. I cannot help wondering whether or not this must inevitably be so. That modern bridge would get me across the stream; but unless I wanted to get across I would prefer not to have it there at all. And the same thing might be said of the freeways, underpasses and cloverleaves of our modern roads.

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Functional and utilitarian are meant to carry different connotations, but I wonder if in actual fact the obsession with the functional is not merely an aspect of our all but exclusive concern with the utilitarian. Are not our architects merely making a virtue out of their inability to conceive any ornamentation that would be suitable to what they construct, and denying that beauty is its own excuse for being just because they don't know how to create anything beautiful?

Of course, the blight is spreading. Not very long ago I had another look at London and Paris, and while neither has entirely lost its character, both are disfigured here and there by characteristic skyscraper apartment and office buildings. Even those who do not like them offer "necessity, the tyrant's plea." There are tentative plans to remake Paris almost completely, and it looks as though the time might be not far distant when to go from any city to any other would be merely to move from one group of glass boxes to another.

Even in the United States travel can still be rewarding outside cities and towns. But only a few of the metropolises still have individual character (New York and San Francisco, for example) and there is little to be gained from the lesser big cities which are nothing except merely lesser. As to towns, they are more and more alike. There are no such things as local products. To travel from one to another is hardly to be aware that one has moved at all, and it certainly doesn't do much to "broaden the mind."

As long as vast hordes of people are concentrated in a small area, I suppose the mere overwhelming size of our buildings is inevitable, but this also strikes me as unfortunate; and necessity does not make them any less regrettable. Many things have conspired to make modern man seem little, and he must be overawed as he crawls antlike at the base of mountainous piles of steel, glass and stone. I have, in the past, accused him of both hubris and loss of self-respect, but the paradox is not unresolvable. He suffers from delusions of grandeur when he thinks of what he can do and from the sense of helpless futility when he thinks of what he *is*—or has been persuaded to believe himself. The engineer, the technologist, is proud; the philosopher despairing. Gigantic structures dwarf man as an individual, especially when, as in the case of the great cubbyholed structures he so commonly spends his nights in, they represent no aspiration other than that toward the wealth and power of a community of midgets. Cathedral spires pointed upward toward an imagined heaven; skyscrapers reach up into an empty sky.

Considerations such as these suggest only the beginning of my doubts and objections, for it seems to me that the most admired modern architecture, however purely functional it is thought to be, also expresses something and makes a comment on life, society, politics and ethics even beyond what I have just been discussing. I presume (and I confess again that my acquaintance with the recent history of architecture is very slight) that what distresses me most are the theories and intentions that came out of Germany between wars. Certain much admired buildings are often called "monolithic," and I think it not fantastic to remark that this adjective, also in an approving sense, is very popular among totalitarians. Buildings that adopt or try to adopt the style seem to express the political ideal of both Nazi Germany and Communist Russia. They express the totalitarian idea in a variety of ways including the scorn of anything that suggests either the joyful or the affectionate. They deny that beauty can ever be its own excuse for being, and they also, of course, remind the individual that he counts for nothing in contrast with the State—whose monolithic power is symbolized by the grim monolithic structures.

It is no wonder that on such structures any ornament in the style either of Greece or the Middle Ages seems inappropriate—not because it violates the principles of functionalism, but because such ornamentation suggests what the monolithic struc-

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ture denies, namely, that the human spirit properly aspires toward joy and faith and freedom. Pose in a niche one of the huge heads from Easter Island and it would seem quite suitable—a reinforcement rather than an irrelevance in relation to the message of the building itself. Hence, the functionalist, when he does concede sculpture or bas-relief as an accessory, chooses something that imitates either pre-Columbian America or primitive Africa.

Such ornamentation is all too appropriate because it says what the whole building says: Man is small and helpless, the victim of evolving technology, if not of the dark, inscrutable gods of superstition.

Certainly if modern architecture in this functional, monolithic style does not imply anything about the ideals and opinions and intentions of our society, then it is unique in this respect. Surely there is some connection between the open-air grace of the Greek temple and the Greeks' aspiration toward a mental and emotional life that sought (and believed it could achieve) inner peace and a way of being at home in the world. No less certainly the Gothic expressed both the medieval sense of the darkness of this life and the promise of another one, while, at the same time, its ornaments found a place for both pious legends embodying the dark superstitions that haunted it and, in sly grotesqueries and obscenities, a satyric protest against excessive holiness. The this-worldly Renaissance believed in splendor and built splendid buildings at the height of its vigor even if that splendor later degenerated into luxury and mere frippery.

What style of the past does the monolithic and functional seem most to resemble? Not that of Greece (or even early Rome), not that of the Middle Ages, and not that of the Renaissance. But it does remind me quite forcibly of certain non-European remains built to express societies untouched by Periclean Greece, thirteenth-century France or sixteenth-century Rome. The pyramids of Egypt and the pyramids of Yucatan are monolithic and functional—even though we do not believe in the reality of the functions they were supposed to perform. And from the very little I know about the Mayas and the Aztecs (who have been called the Nazis of pre-Columbian America) their societies also, I'd say, were totalitarian, so little convinced of the importance of the individual man that ten thousand were offered as human sacrifices at the dedication of a single temple to angry rather than loving gods. I cannot help wondering if the monolithic structures of our own cities may not do their bit toward persuading us that the death of ten million is not too large a price to pay for the ultimate peaceful uses of atomic fission. We also have our angry gods to be placated.

I know it will be said by some that architecture like literature and all the other arts expresses the mind, spirit and social condition of the time in which it was created. Hence, if the most characteristic buildings of today express function in a civilization that minimizes the individual and does not really believe in the possibility of freedom or beauty, then that is as it must and should be. I, on the contrary, have always believed that art not only expresses but also helps create the civilization in which it flowers, and I think it would be well if poets as well as architects would cease to rest content with expressing the dismal world in which they live (or think they live) and begin looking for a way out. I am convinced that jazz, for instance, not only expresses contemporary man's jitters but helps to make him jittery.

If the Gothic style for churches is merely imitation and pastiche, it is at least an imitation of something appropriate. I see nothing appropriate in the "modernist" churches that have begun to dot even Tucson—fantastic structures all with acute angle roofs pointing in various surprising directions and intended to stress the tensile strength of modern materials rather than any faith in the spiritual realities that churches are supposed to be concerned with. They are beginning to give our city a Disneyland look and at best they are only cute.

Most "modernistic" structures are as derivative (although not as purely imitative) as fake Gothic, and if we must draw in-

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spiration from the past, I would prefer that we choose some past that is part of rather than alien to the mainstream of European culture which runs from Greece through the Renaissance on down almost to our own day.

Another subject I don't know much about is Civil Defense against atomic warfare, but you don't have to know much to perceive something schizoid in the attitude of our mentors in Tucson where the ring of Titan bases is, or is about to become, "operative."

On the one hand, the newspapers bid us to rejoice that "more than one-sixth of the $400-million plus budget for Tucson's Titan-2 missile project has poured into the local economy" and to think of all the prosperity this will generate. On the other, they print amazed reproaches from the Civil Defense authorities because we don't seem to be taking seriously enough what being a prime target exposes us to.

The two or three of my acquaintances who have built private shelters—some of them elaborately equipped—are amazed that I take "a defeatist attitude," but they have no answer when I ask them what they propose to do when they come out into a world in which everything that permits a large population to survive has been destroyed.

Recently I have taken to reading them this paragraph from a book by the Harvard anthropologist William Howells, which has no intended reference to atomic destruction but merely illustrates the extent to which we depend upon the very services that would be destroyed in the course of an attack:

> Some years ago, bad children shot the insulators off Cape Cod's power line, and life on the Cape well-nigh went down in confusion to the grave. Few had water; pumps stopped. None could get gasoline (no pumps); it was just as well, for those who drove had no traffic lights to keep them from destroying each other. . . . Food was eaten raw in houses with electric ranges, the babies got the colic unless their mothers warmed the milk at the police stations, which had generators. The police also saved the population from Neolithic perils to health by storing vaccines when drugstore refrigerators stopped. But near Hyannis the cows went all the way back to the Paleolithic; the mechanical milkers could not work and the cows, nearing the bursting point, lowed piteously while the neighbourhood stood around in total ignorance of how to milk a cow by hand.

If some bad boys with a twenty-two can reduce a community to that state, how would life go on after an enemy had dumped hundreds of super-super bombs from Maine to California? "Neolithic" and "Paleolithic" are the appropriate words, and the one thing certain is that no country can possibly support more than a very thin population living in a Paleolithic or even a Neolithic economy. The conclusion seems to be that if even a renewable remnant survived, it had better be a very small remnant. Most of us had better die quickly, and from the standpoint of the future, we had better arrange to save only a few of us. In fact, I consider it nobly self-sacrificing to build myself no shelter. And since the group most fitted to cope with Neolithic conditions would be youngish as well as small, I suggest that the shelters be designed to house only a small fraction of the existing population and that those over thirty-five be excluded from them.

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Spirit in the Sanctuary

GEORGE SANTAYANA

THOSE WHO THINK OF THE TRUTH as the sum of what we read in the newspapers or may find in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* move sanely enough at one conventional level. Such reports are not ordinarily false. They designate real events, objects truly discoverable on the scale of the human senses; and they trace the relations of these objects and events on the plane of human action. But the form thus assumed by those facts is a mere image. In their aspect and individuality our ideas are signs, not portions, of what exists beyond us; and it is only when experiment and calculation succeed in penetrating beneath the image, that (for instance, in mathematical physics) we may gain some more precise, although still symbolic, notion of the forces that surround us. We and our knowledge are a part of nature: it is therefore inevitable that the rest of nature, in its concreteness, should be external to us. We cannot share the full reality that other events carry with them. Absolute truth is hidden from us, and the deeper our science goes, the more ghostly it becomes. In entering that temple we have passed out of the sunlight. We are no longer surrounded by living objects, but by images of the gods.

That to which spirit aspires, initially and indomitably, the full truth and the perfect good, dwells like the gods of Egypt in a dark inner chamber. It can be fitly approached only with downcast eyes and declared only in a half-intelligible liturgy by a priest shorn

✪ This is the centennial year of GEORGE SANTAYANA: the distinguished philosopher was born in Madrid on December 16, 1863. Daniel Cory, his literary executor, believes that this essay was originally intended for *The Realm of Spirit*, but that it did not finally fit into the overall structure of the book. In the holograph of the essay, Mr. Cory tells us, Santayana has written, "Important."

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and purified and clothed in white, reverently treading the ground unshod, and bearing in one hand a flickering lamp and in the other a censer that spreads in puffs a half-translucent sweet-smelling cloud. Legend is such a cloud of incense, science is such a lamp. They reveal secrets and express awe, leaving us acquainted with the unintelligible beauty and terror of things, with some sure measure for them, and some means of propitiating them. In scientific theory we remain, as it were, in the outer hall or narthex of the sacred edifice. Daylight, if not sunlight, continues to flood the scene with an indirect illumination. Sensuous brightness may be gone, but conceptual lucidity is enhanced, and we see more plainly than ever the essential geometrical lines of our pictorial world. The mystery thickens, however, if we are allowed to penetrate further. Soon human categories become inapplicable. We require divine lights, and we find at first no means of obtaining them. The change is somewhat as if, at the opera, the stage were suddenly darkened, the plot of the drama forgotten, the audience and our own persons shut off from consciousness, and only the music continued. We should be living in a perfectly definite medium, in a world of sound which might be studied and explored *ad infinitum* in its own terms; yet in contrast to the human life we had been living before, we should have passed into an abstract sphere; and the analogies and symbolic correspondences would be elusive by which this flood of music might still seem somehow to express the passions of a human soul. So when the religious imagination opens up a theological world, we may have some difficulty in tracing any correspondence between this new dramatic labyrinth and the hard tangle of our daily lives. The profane will say we are dreaming; and we in turn will pity them for living blindly, amid paltry cares, in ignorance of the celestial realities that envelop them on every side.

Yet it is impossible for nature to possess a constitution so recondite that spirit might not match it in variety, explore it thoroughly, and think it as it is. The obstacles to true understanding are accidental only: mind is essentially the faculty of conceiving truth. Certainly a spirit specifically human has a limited range;

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because spirit, in entering into a man, has taken up a particular station in time and space, and limited itself to the idiom and sensibility of that particular animal. Not so spirit in its essence, which remains capable of entering also into any other animal, and taking up any other point of view. This same power of intuition which in man spreads over a certain region of being, over certain sights, sounds, relations and emotions, if endowed with other organs would spread over other regions of being and light up other pictures.

We should therefore be guilty of blasphemy if, on first seeing into the recesses of the inner temple and finding them dark, we asserted that there was nothing there, no gods and even no recesses. On the contrary, with a little patience, we may begin to see in the dark, to distinguish, I mean, region from region by a new kind of perception, as some animals do by scent, or by instinctive reactions to us incomprehensible. We should then be able to guide our steps through that maze, like the priest with his lamp. And this simile hardly does our case justice, because the invisible regions open to spirit are not confined and increasingly narrowed, like the concentric passages in an Egyptian sanctuary. If science ever proves to be a blind alley, that is only because it thinks in terms of the human senses, terms too gross and summary to express the deeper structure of nature. Essentially, round each sensuous image and each pulse of feeling there opens out for pure intelligence an endless radiation of kindred or of contrasted forms. Where perception ends imagination begins; and far from being smothered or lost in nothingness, spirit is liberated from the continual irrelevance and self-interruption of sensation, and is allowed to deepen apprehension of what has already been revealed. And this store of impressions is no dead treasure; every idea is a seed; and presently a whole garden, a whole forest, springs up out of those few grains of experience.

Dream-pictures, you will say; hallucinations. What have they to do with truth? Nothing, or very little, if you expect the mind to be a transparent medium, or not a medium at all, but a pure intellectual revelation of things as they are. But such is not the nature of consciousness in its rudiments, which are opaque if regarded as

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a literal knowledge of an external world. Yet what could be more relevant to its occasion, more significant of eventual things, than the signal of pain or pleasure, suddenly calling the spirit to attention? What could rouse us better to chase our fortunes or unearth the secrets of our own life?

Undoubtedly the spirit, when fed by a vigorous temperament and at the same time liberated from servitude to external things, plays and sings quite fantastically. Yet even then, far as those inner lights may be from showing the true structure of nature, imagination cannot help being truly expressive, as in music, of the secret complexities of life in ourselves. There is no better transcript of those delicate affinities, those responsible motions that are alive in our flesh. Biology and physiology give far cruder and more external renderings of that intricate, pauseful, hereditary play of organic forces that keeps our bodies together, and our minds at work. Pure imagination, sheer emotion, endlessly modulated, are therefore true symbols (although wholly original and nondescriptive in their sensuous essence) for a certain region of the material world, namely, for the internal maturation and flowering of certain animal powers.

There is psychological truth, as in autobiography; also lyric sincerity or the transformation of reality into a world of fable. These two documentary sorts of truth cannot help dogging the steps even of madmen. But play-life in the least critical and most ignorant peoples, as also in children, is never unchecked: if it were, it would kill itself off like a radical disease. The world of fable is continually collated, enriched, interpreted by common knowledge: it is often refined and spiritually transfigured by the wisdom of the prophet or the poet that gives it shape. There then arises a civilized religion, sane in spirit, although necessarily irrational in its primary and deepest texture: for if religion became radically rational it would no longer be religion. But divination, and deepening of human sentiment in solitude, in indifference or possible opposition to the facts of nature, may be combined with common sense by a sort of truce or diplomatic marriage. Convention and reason may be safely established in the lay government of the world, whilst the temple remains standing, honored if seldom entered; and no

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priggish effort is made to discredit traditional fables or to drown the oracles that may have come from the unknown in antiquity. Free imagination may be allowed to vegetate in a walled garden, even in the midst of a city where all is thrift, hubbub, mechanism and exact science.

From this compromise it is only a step to philosophical insight and a rational policy regarding irrational things. We need only reflect on the basis of human imagination and human morality; how immense the extent and complexity of nature, how frail all virtue and all life. I think that, if not the priests of antiquity, at least a future priesthood could be capable of seeing in the dimness of their glittering shrines truths that cannot bear the light of day: not that the light of day would disprove them, but that they, in their tragic horror, would extinguish the light of day in an unchastened spirit.

Such truths must be conveyed with caution. A wise legislator will be guided by them, while leaving them unspoken. If they were rashly published, they would not be believed. The mind of man is necessarily humanistic: not, indeed, insofar as it is pure spirit or intelligence, but in all its initial perspectives and motives. The psyche would be unhinged and her life stopped if she were emancipated, like the spirit, from her animal purposes and asked to live in the light of ultimate truths. *Memento mori* gives only a hint of it. At every step, full knowledge of the conditions, co-presence of the whole past and the whole future, would paralyze impulse; or else would divorce it so completely from reflection that reflection itself would be sterilized and nipped in the bud. This we see continually happening when an ardent young man becomes a man of business or a man of the world. The momentum and the routine of action now forbid him to ask if what he does is worth doing. He must be true to his commitments, however false his commitments may be to his true nature. Thus the wheel of fortune keeps turning, to the ruin of all at last.

The darkness of the holy of holies is a protective darkness, not a product of fudge. The spirit needs it as the eye requires the eyelid to relieve and to punctuate its visions, and requires sleep to rest

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from them altogether and to digest them. If the priests tell you that they have miracle-working relics or secret oracles concealed in the sanctuary, they are speaking in parables without knowing it. They have nothing worth mentioning in the ark or the Kaaba; their consecrated wafer has no magic powers; their holy wells nothing medicinal: yet there is salvation in turning from the world of men and of words into that darkness and silence. In the sanctuary the spirit renews its youth, shakes off its cruel obsessions like a bad dream, reasserts its indomitable affinities with things not human, and learns to return to its earthly life no longer a slave, no longer altogether a fool, but conscious of the invisible deity for whom all these are little troubles, punishments sent without anger, and false promises that, in our deepest being, we do not wish had been true.

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Our Post-Crisis World

WILLIAM G. CARLETON

IN ALL PROBABILITY THE PEAK CRISES OF OUR CENTURY are behind us. In long historical perspective it increasingly appears that we of the last half of the twentieth century are living not in the crisis world but in the post-crisis world of reconstruction and stabilization.

This view will be greeted with skepticism. If it is true, future generations will regard the Kennedy inaugural address as curiously off-key and not the Lincoln repeat that many Americans saw in it at the time.

The first part of our century was one of repeated high crises and sweeping change—total world wars, basic revolutions, devastating inflations and deflations, the momentous atomic breakthrough. The latter part of the century promises to be one of stabilization, of constructive adjustment to the cataclysmic events of the first half.

But we carry with us the crisis mentality developed before 1950; indeed, we have intensified it. And obviously we *are* still beset with dangers. The Soviet Union is a tremendous military power, and China will soon become one. Americans appear to be trapped in a fear psychosis and saddled with a potentially dangerous military-industrial power complex. Some of the anti-colonial revolutions may yet pass through a more radical second phase and be captured by Communism. The threat of thermonuclear war, the balance of terror, hangs over our heads.

Certain basic trends, however, are becoming increasingly

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clear: that Communism has been rather effectively checked and that the forces mobilized (largely by the United States) to keep it in check are stronger and of greater military and nonmilitary variety than ever before; that Communist societies themselves are becoming less aggressively revolutionary as they grow older and industrialize; that the anti-imperialist revolutions are about to pass into history without vindicating Lenin's prediction that they would merge with Communism; that Communism itself is not the unified movement it was prophesied and feared it would be; that the world is not going to become a Communist or any other kind of monolith; that a pluralism of many new societies with pragmatically fluid economies is emerging; that today the modified capitalist systems in the older industrial countries are operating much more smoothly than the "purer" capitalism of the early years of the century; that the nuclear balance of terror is in fact producing a *pax atomica* which, among other causes, almost certainly precludes the climactic Communist-Capitalist Apocalypse of Marxist dream.

The central political and social challenges of our century have been Marxism in its various forms and Nazi-Fascism, an extremist countermovement to Marxism.

On the eve of World War I, despite the internal ideological differences within the Marxist parties of the Second International, these parties in Western Europe had popular strength, revolutionary *élan,* and confidence that the future belonged to them. The failure of thoroughgoing Marxist revolutions to materialize in Western Europe during and immediately after World War I is one of the decisive facts of our century, perhaps the most decisive.

In 1914, at the outbreak of the war, European Marxists rudely discovered that their nationalism was stronger than their socialism, and most of them supported the national war efforts. Outside Russia, Marxists did not take advantage of the confusion and hardships of the first total war in history to convert "imperialist" war into class war. Never again were they to have so favorable an opportunity.

Encouraged from Moscow and exploiting the misery and

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dazed condition of the populations immediately following the war, Communism was indeed a formidable threat in 1919. Several times that year the Communists attempted to seize Berlin and overthrow the new postwar German government. For several months Communist dictatorships held power in Bavaria and in Hungary. In the Italian elections that year, the revolutionary Marxist Socialists (not yet split into Communists and Socialists as they would be after the Livorno Congress of 1921) came near to taking over the government. But in the end all revolutionary Marxist attempts in Western Europe proved abortive.

At various times during the 1920's and the 1930's, democratic Socialist parties held power, more or less, in Germany, Austria, Britain and France; but nowhere did they tackle power with the revolutionary enthusiasm of pre-1914 days, and everywhere the reforms they enacted fell far short of establishing socialist societies.

Without doubt the Marxists always underestimated the tenacious strength of capitalism itself. But other factors also contributed to the failure of the Marxists: their sense of humiliation and frustration at having missed their opportunities during World War I, their inability to recapture their prewar revolutionary *élan,* and the bitter split between the democratic Socialists of the Second International and the Communists of the Third International. The methods of the Bolshevist Revolution chilled the democratic Socialists of Western Europe and dealt West European Marxism a fatal blow. Thereafter Socialists and Communists fought each other as much as they fought the non-Marxists. And meantime the capitalist economies of most of the advanced industrial countries were being so modified by Keynesianism, the welfare state, and a widening of their public sectors as to blunt their traditional inequities and consequently the opportunities for drastic social revolutions.

The next great crisis of our turbulent century was the Nazi expansion which came to a head in the years of World War II. There is much more complete agreement on this being an historical crisis of the first magnitude than on the earlier crisis that involved "merely" the miscarriage of Marxism in Western Europe. There are those, Arnold Toynbee among them, who

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see in the conflict of capitalist democracy and Marxist Communism only a struggle between two aspects of Western civilization, like the conflict between Protestantism and Catholicism in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, fierce and bitter in its day but in the long run not involving the survival of civilization or even of Western civilization. However, capitalists and democrats, Socialists and Communists, Churchillian imperialists and Nehru anti-imperialists, the world's religions, and those who view the contest of capitalist democracy and Marxism with considerable detachment—all generally agree that the war against Nazism represented one of civilization against nihilism.

The third great crisis of our era was the threat of Communist take-over in Western Europe following World War II. So rapidly have events moved since 1945 that we are likely to forget the revolutionary mood of the immediate postwar years. Europe's middle classes, battered by the earlier world war, then by the inflation of the 1920's, then by the depression of the 1930's, and then by the second world war, seemed in the mood for revolutionary change. There was a bitter feeling that powerful vested interests had been collaborators and "gravediggers" and had sold out their own peoples to the Hitlerians in the hope of "escaping Communism." Communists had taken an active and often the most aggressive leadership in the various national underground movements. Even those who detested Marxism proclaimed a Christian socialism to defeat it. Even De Gasperi, leader of the opposition to Marxism in Italy, was reported in the first days of the liberation to have asked publicly: "Was not Christ the first communist?"

But again, Communist and even thoroughgoing Socialist revolutions miscarried. In Western Europe, in the years between 1945 and 1950, there were agrarian reforms and some nationalization in Italy, considerable nationalization in France, and a "Socialist Revolution" in Britain. But no country in Western Europe achieved a socialist revolution in the sense the pre-1914 Marxists envisaged it, no Western society became a socialist society. And in West Germany there was even some movement away from the nationalization and socialization that had been achieved during the Weimar Republic and a trend in the direction of a free-enter-

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prise society in the American sense. Overall, what emerged was modified capitalism, not socialism.

We have come to regard the impact on Western Europe of American capitalism, particularly as this manifested itself in the Marshall Plan, as the most decisive factor in preventing the spread of Communism or the triumph of some brand of thoroughgoing socialism in Western Europe. This is important and never to be discounted, but it is possible that we overrated the prospects of Marxist victory and underrated the strength of European capitalism itself. The hold of the past was tenacious, and even during the years between the two world wars—yes, even during the depression years—Europeans had some taste of what modern technology, reformism, state welfarism and Keynesianism, without drastic revolution, might accomplish. The old split between the Communists and Socialists had not healed, and indeed the Stalinist terror and purges of the 1930's and the Soviet expansion in Eastern Europe following World War II frightened not only the non-Marxists but also the Socialists.

Even in the years immediately following World War II, the Communists in France were able to win only about one-fourth of the French electorate, and many who voted Communist were not Marxists but merely casting protest votes. In Italy, the one country where during the late 1940's and the 1950's the Communists and majority Socialists were able to maintain an uneasy electoral alliance, the combined leftist vote did not rise above one-third of the electorate, and Italian Marxists failed to regain the enthusiasm and drive of their 1919-1920 crest. In industrial West Germany the Communist Party did not revive at all, and the Social Democrats had lost the old momentum of pre-Hitler days.

And this leads to a conclusion scarcely ever articulated and frankly distasteful to liberals, who believe that ideas cannot be stopped by force: that the important and permanent historical impact of the Fascist and Nazi movements lies in their overall weakening of Marxist parties in Europe. Repression and persecution *were* effective. Marxist parties in countries governed by rightist totalitarian dictatorships were either seriously enervated (as in Italy) or decisively impaired (as in Germany and Spain) by the persecutions carried on by right-wing despotisms.

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Thus the brutal liquidating of Communist, Socialist and labor leaders by rightist dictators, together with the positive and beneficent impact of American capitalism following World War II, created a situation that led to the miscarriage of Marxism's second great challenge in Western Europe.

As we move further into this century and get a larger and truer perspective of it, it becomes clearer that the failure in Western Europe of genuine Marxist revolution of either the Communist or Socialist variety in the years from 1914 to 1920 was pivotal; after those years what opportunity there had been for Marxist triumph never again appeared with equal strength. Lenin, in the very marrow of his bones, seems to have sensed that this would turn out to be the case. After the triumph of the Bolshevist Revolution, Lenin, of course, never gave this public expression, but increasingly he put the emphasis on the importance of winning the colonial areas to Communism.

Leninism, as distinguished from the older Marxism, encouraged the notion that even if Communist victory were delayed in the industrial countries, it would win in the colonial areas, thus assuring ultimate triumph in the West. Leninism emphasized that the colonial peoples would expel their imperialist masters in violent revolutions, establish Communism, join an international proletarian society, and carry into the post-imperialist world their hatred of their imperialist exploiters.

Since World War II, anti-imperialist revolutions have indeed swept Asia, the Middle East and Africa, and scores and scores of new nations have been born. The resistance of the imperialist powers was much less tenacious than had been predicted. No other major imperialism in history was ever liquidated in so orderly a fashion. In many cases the British and the French practiced "a creative abdication," prepared their colonial peoples for self-government, and retreated in phased stages according to timetables agreed to by the leaders of the nationalist movements.

By now most of the anti-imperialist revolutions have already passed into history. Few European colonies remain to be nationally redeemed. And one stupendous fact stands out: the anti-imperialist revolutions did not merge with Communism. The only Euro-

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pean political colony that in the process of its nationalist revolution went Communist was little Vietminh. This is a sobering and humiliating fact to Communists, for if they can take no better advantage of "revolutionary situations" in a tumultuously revolutionary age, how can they expect to win when the revolutionary surge subsides?

Communism has indeed made conquests in some of the economically underdeveloped countries—in North Korea, Mongolia, and above all China. None of these was a European colony. At a relatively late stage of Western imperialism, China was carved by the European powers into economic spheres of influence and there was much exploitation. The Western powers enjoyed enormous economic privileges without assuming governmental and social responsibilities. They did not build roads and schools or adopt public health measures as they did in their political colonies. In no European sphere in China did a European culture penetrate to the degree, for instance, that British culture penetrated India.

During the coming decade a most likely area of social revolutionary penetration is Latin America, which for the most part has never broken out of the feudal land concentration and social caste system inherited from Spanish and Portuguese colonial times. Today the impoverished and underprivileged masses are pervasively challenging the old order as never before. Unlike the peoples of Asia, the Middle East and Africa, Latin Americans can pin no great hopes for betterment on nationalism and political independence, for they achieved these a century and a half ago and have been repeatedly betrayed by their own governments, leaders and ruling classes. Therefore they may turn to more drastic revolutionary movements.

Even in Latin America, however, the odds are against Communism. Despite the population explosion, Latin American countries still do not have massive populations; their man-land ratio is still low. They already have a wider industrial base than most of the other underdeveloped societies. During recent decades they have been making some industrial and social progress. Paradoxically, Castro's career may result in moderating Latin American revolutions. The Castro challenge alerted the United States to the necessity of the Alliance for Progress. Also, by announcing himself

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a Communist, Castro threw away the magic symbolism of leader of indigenous Latin American revolution and checked the growth of his own following throughout Latin America.

There is no doubt that Latin America is in for trouble. The ruling oligarchies in Latin American countries will bitterly fight change. There will be more demagogues of the Perón stripe, who, promising the good things of advanced industrialism without the savings and sacrifices that alone make those things possible (a mistake both orthodox capitalists and Communists avoid), thereby precipitate headlong inflation, bankruptcy and the blighting of mass expectations. The Communists will foment and exploit the discontent. But here and there reforms will be made by the democratic middle way, aided by the Alliance for Progress, and these reforms will accumulate. The mushrooming of Chile's Christian Democratic party, which is to the left of the old liberal parties and in the tradition of Catholic social reform, may be a portent of the future. Where sweeping social revolution takes place it is likely to be in the tradition of the Mexican Revolution or somewhat to the left of the *apristas* in Peru. The Communists would have a part in such revolutions—sometimes as constructive helpers, sometimes as nuisances and sometimes as saboteurs—but the successful revolutions are likely to be of the homegrown variety, much like the Nasser social revolutions in the Arab countries, and not Communist ones.

Moreover, the Americans would risk all-out nuclear war to prevent a massive Communist penetration of the Western Hemisphere, a fact the Russians well know—an illustration of the developing tacit understanding of East and West to permit no wide departure from the international *status quo*. (By 1963 it appeared that, while in the Communist bloc there were "many roads to socialism" and in the non-Communist bloc there could be social revolutions if these were not Communist, the non-Communist countries would not actively intervene to push Communist countries to non-Communism, the Communist countries would not directly intervene to push non-Communist countries to Communism, and both East and West would make agreements to keep neutralist countries neutralist, as in Laos.)

It was in the colonies and protectorates of the European pow-

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ers that hatred of foreign rule, economic exploitation and racial arrogance was expected to make the Communist thrust most sweeping. Despite colonial resentments, however, and the powerful pragmatic attraction of Communism as a way of achieving an industrial revolution in a hurry, the spread of Communism to the former European colonies has been negligible.

The former colonies have not even cut their ties to the old imperial powers to the degree usually supposed. For the most part, the new nations voluntarily maintain much trade and intercourse and considerable fiscal connection with their former rulers. Even all the political ties have not been severed. Former British colonies are members of the Commonwealth, and Britain is associated with the Colombo countries of southern Asia for purposes of their economic development. Some of France's colonies in Africa are members of the French Community, and most of the others are still intimately connected with France in various ways by bilateral treaties. The twelve so-called Brazzaville countries are associated, through France, with the European Common Market.

The Western cultural impact on the populations at large, the result of long years of imperial rule, manifests itself in many overt and subtle ways. This cultural impact is even stronger on the educated classes. Most of the rulers of the new countries have had Western educations, and today many more of the rising generation of leaders and technicians are getting their educations in the West than in the Communist countries. The nationalism learned from the West makes the new nations sensitive to Communist satellitism. The democracy and civil liberties learned from the West make them resistant to totalitarian police states. Even when new nations adopt some form of authoritarianism, this falls far short of the omnivorous controls of a Communist society. Most of the new nations are attempting to get rapid industrialization by methods that combine collectivism and privatism, government initiative and financing in the large basic projects and private enterprise in the myriad of smaller ones. The new nations find that generally the economic aid, the capital goods and the technicians furnished them by the West are superior in both quantity and quality to those furnished them by the Communist countries.

In short, in the old colonial areas of the world, the influence of

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the West is still much greater than the influence of the Communist countries. Americans often overlook this basic fact. Because the new nations have not adopted free-enterprise economic systems in the American sense but are developing mixed economies which combine both state enterprise and private enterprise, many Americans are inclined to think of the new nations as "Communist." Because most of the new nations have adopted neutralist positions in world politics and refuse to join America's system of military alliances, many Americans suspect that the new nations are "pro-Communist." But the truth is that the new nations have escaped Communism; they are often not anti-Communist but they are certainly non-Communist; and they enjoy wider and closer relations with the non-Communist countries than with the Communist ones.

It doubtless would have been another story if Marxist revolution had triumphed in Western Europe. Had Communism or even the thoroughgoing Socialism envisaged by the pre-World War I Socialist leaders taken over important Western societies, the impact of this on the European colonies would have been pervasive and profound. In fact, Marxist influence on the nationalist parties fighting in the colonies for independence usually rose and fell with the fortunes and prospects of the Marxist parties in Europe.

For instance, during the years from 1945 to 1948, when the influence of the Communist Party in France was at its postwar peak and when for a time Communists were members of French cabinets, the nationalist parties in France's African colonies veered closer to Marxism. Even so moderate a nationalist leader as Félix Houphouet-Boigny in the Ivory Coast increasingly used proletarian appeals in recruiting membership, and he himself cooperated closely with Communist leaders in Paris. But when the domestic influence of the French Communists declined, so did the influence of Marxism on Houphouet-Boigny's party and the other anti-imperialist parties in France's Negro colonies in Africa.

As the years roll by and we get a longer perspective on the twentieth century, the miscarriage of Marxism in Western Europe after World War I and again after World War II looms as truly decisive for world history. Failing to win Western Europe, Marxism was left with insufficient prestige and too few Western political

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and cultural carriers to win the colonial areas. In this sense, the earlier Marxism, which envisaged the triumph of Communist or Socialist revolution first in the advanced industrial countries of Europe and after that in the colonial areas, was far more realistic than the later Leninism.

All of this is not to say that the old colonial areas have no present-day grievances against the West or that the possibility of Communist revolutions has disappeared. By no means. A few peoples have still to pass through their anti-imperialist revolutions; unpopular vestiges of the old imperialism remain in some of the new nations; the new nations resent pressures on them to become the West's avowed military allies (this is true in India even after the attack by Red China) and any "meddling" with their foreign policies; and they deplore the billions spent on competitive armaments that they think might better be spent on economic growth, both in the old countries and the new. Most important, not a single underdeveloped nation has made the historic breakthrough to industrialism by using nontotalitarian methods, and not a single one of them has achieved assured stability. It may be that some of the anti-imperialist revolutions will still pass through a second phase, that some will yet merge with Communist revolution.

But the truth is that in the main the first and potentially most explosive phase of the anti-imperialist revolutions has passed into history, that the new nations have gone through their anti-Western revolutions and today still have closer material and spiritual ties to the West than to the Communist countries, that the former colonial peoples have given the West a second chance.

By and large, there is not only less revolutionary opportunity in the world than there was even a decade ago, but there is also a decline of revolutionary zeal in the Soviet Union itself.

The interests of the Soviet Union are increasingly on the side of the *status quo*. Historically, all revolutions have a way of slowing down with age. The Russians have now successfully passed through the drastic stages of their industrial revolution. As Barbara Ward has pointed out, Russia, on the basis of per capita income, is no longer one of the "poor" nations but has become one of the "rich" nations. Russian leaders are enormously proud of their vast new in-

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dustrial equipment and technological developments, and like vested interests everywhere they put a high priority on protecting "their" properties and their positions. Russia's proliferating managers, engineers, technicians and professional people have become accustomed to making important decisions in their work and are becoming more career-minded and status-conscious. The mass of Russians have been or are being transformed from peasants into urbanites, with rational standard-of-living values, who take their creature comforts (still modest by American standards) more and more for granted. In short, Russians are less and less interested in colorful revolutionary crusades, more and more interested in colorful personal living.

At bottom, it is this growing wealth and "bourgeoisization" of Russian society that so disturbs the Red Chinese, who are still desperately poor and have yet to make their industrial breakthrough. But if and when the Chinese pass over the industrial hump, will not they go the way of the Russians, will not their own revolutionary zeal abate?

Even had the old revolutionary enthusiasm persisted, the Communists today would be in no position to exploit it effectively, for they are beset by internal schism. (And schism, in turn, has had something to do with the cooling of revolutionary ardor.) History is disposing of Marxism in a way different from that predicted by Marxist theorists. The international proletarian brotherhood, the international proletarian society, is a myth. It does not exist. Communism has invariably taken a national form, and the various Communist nations do not present a solid phalanx *vis-à-vis* the non-Communist world. Communism was established in various countries at various times and in various ways. Communist countries differ from one another in their histories, cultures, conditions, interests, stages of revolutionary development, and degrees of Marxist "orthodoxy" and "revisionism." Today there are anti-Stalinist Communists, Stalinist Communists, Mao Communists, Gomulka Communists and Tito Communists. Sino-Soviet relations fluctuate, but the rift between Communist Russia and Communist China may prove so serious that in world politics Russia, for the long run, will wind up closer to the West than to Red China.

As the decades roll by and deviations become revisionisms and

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revisionisms are piled one on another, will not Marxism become largely ritualistic, largely irrelevant as a drive to practical action?

Communism, of course, may be something much more than a mere historical instrument for the rapid transforming of pre-industrial societies into industrial ones. It may be that Communist societies, as they industrialize, will not develop into variant middle-class societies. It may be, too, that Communist elites will know how to preserve their power structures and that the mass of people in Communist societies, because of uniform educations among other things, will sincerely believe that the collectivist society represents the superior way of life. Nevertheless, it is difficult to see how the pristine revolutionary evangelism can survive the growing affluence of industrialism.

Most important, no amount of revolutionary zeal could have overcome the stark fact that force is being banished from history, that the nuclear revolution is making international violence obsolete as an effective tool of politics. This will prevent the worldwide Apocalypse between "imperialist capitalism" and Communism. It is even making increasingly difficult any military intervention in behalf of revolutionary movements in non-Communist countries. The *pax atomica,* or coexistence, or stalemate, or hardened *status quo,* or freezing of actual power situations in all parts of the world —call it what you will—is already an almost accomplished fact, even though some Americans and the Mao Communists prefer to think otherwise, and even though it is never fully formalized by agreements. Not only do the two great nuclear powers (and even Red China) shy away from the big war, they also shy away from the little wars that might become the big one—witness Quemoy, the Himalaya border dispute, Laos, Vietnam, the Congo, Cuba, Berlin. Even the seemingly most reckless brinkmanship does not result in war. All attempts to preserve war as an institution that changes human affairs, all concepts of limited war, controlled war, graded and guided war, founder on the fear that any kind of war may eventuate in the big one, in nuclear holocaust.

The same fear that prevents anti-Communists from attempting a rollback of the Communists is likewise inhibiting the Communists from active military intervention where "objective condi-

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tions" seem ripe for social revolution. Most of the *status quo* is frozen. With both sides possessing nuclear weapons, the Communist Revolution will have no Bonaparte and the anti-Communists will need no Metternich.

Many forces, then, are moving to make the last half of our century one of stability, but the clincher is the nuclear revolution in war. It may now become a frustrating, maddening, agonizing stability, but it will be stability of a kind nevertheless.

It is possible, of course, that the last of the century will witness additional sweeping revolutions and a general nuclear war. There is no denying the explosive forces in the world. But do we not exaggerate them?

Some countries in Western Europe have not even yet escaped the possibility of Communist revolution. Communist parties in France and Italy are still strong. But these are not making such gains as would carry them to successful revolution; in neither country is there a revolutionary situation; neither party has a true revolutionary bent; both, like the older Socialist parties, have become mainly parties of protest within the existing system; their voting strength rises and falls depending upon the particular national political situation of the time.

It is possible that one or more important underdeveloped countries (say India or Brazil), failing to achieve the breakthrough to industrialism or even to accomplish a perceptible rise in mass living standards, may yet experience Communist revolution. But the truth is that there is probably less urgency to achieve industrialization in the underdeveloped societies than is often assumed. The picture we have of underdeveloped peoples panting for rapid industrialization is a bit exaggerated. There are popular demands for economic betterment, but the rise in living standards need not be sensational; a gradual advance will probably suffice in most cases. We are learning more about how to aid the underdeveloped societies effectively; and while we likely have longer time than we thought we had, it is well to remember, on the other hand, that we do not have unlimited time.

The difficulties of the underdeveloped societies are enormously complicated by the population explosion. But the conscious

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tackling of the population problem is new; Japan has made great strides in curbing her population growth; Nasser's birth control program in Egypt shows promise; and even the Chinese Communists, who like all Marxists theoretically denigrate Malthusianism as un-Marxist, seem to be successfully persuading the Chinese to use contraceptives. Even if population pressures alone produced wars in post-primitive cultures, a proposition of doubtful validity, such wars would be inhibited today by the nuclear deterrent, just as wars produced by other causes are being so inhibited.

Khrushchev may fall from power and his leadership and doctrine of peaceful coexistence be discredited, but this is not likely. Adjusting Marxist doctrine to the nuclear realities, dropping the inevitability-of-war dogma, will probably be regarded more and more as mere common sense. The nuclear revolution in war is infinitely bigger than Stalinism or Maoism. The likelihood is that the Khrushchev view will be sustained and in the end will prevail in all the Marxist world, because Marxist thinking emphasizes the decisive impact of technological change on society and politics, including war.

It is possible that nationalist and revolutionary evangelism in Red China will increase, that China's ancient ethnocentrism will combine with Marxist fervor to the extent of completely blinding China to the nuclear realities. But are not our fears excessive? It should be recalled that "orthodox" Marxists have regarded war between the capitalist and Marxist powers as "inevitable" not because of Communist aggressions but because of "capitalist-imperialist" aggressions. In her isolation, China is still much more suspicious of the West than is Russia. But is China today as militarily aggressive as we usually assume? Did not China, along with the United States, take pains to limit the Korean War? Did not China recoil from the brink in the Formosa Straits, in Vietnam, in Laos, in the Himalayas? What reason is there to suppose that China (heir to an essentially pragmatic cultural tradition), once she gets nuclear weapons, will be less prudent in their actual use than Russia and the United States have been? Would not more contacts with the West and an increase in affluence moderate rather than intensify revolutionary enthusiasm in China?

Again, the American right wing, misreading world trends as

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favorable to Communism when on balance they are unfavorable, and ignoring the implications of the nuclear revolution in war, may come to power in the United States and build a garrison state, pursue policies of aggressive unilateralism, wreck the United Nations, alienate America's allies, split the West, reunify the Communist powers, give validity to the Stalinist and Maoist interpretation of Marxism, and precipitate the Grand Apocalypse of earlier Marxist prophecy. While this is a possibility, it is certainly not a probability.

Then there is the chance of nuclear war by human miscalculation or human or technical accident or mistake. But there is much romanticism about this; here is the stuff of which science fiction is made. This is possible, but not probable, and the technical controls over the nuclear deterrents are improving and tightening all the time.

But will not the chances of miscalculation, mistake and accident multiply as the nuclear powers proliferate? But is the number of nuclear powers actually increasing? Britain seems more and more inclined to give up her independent nuclear deterrent. Chancellor Adenauer is reputed to believe that De Gaulle will eventually abandon his independent nuclear force because of the prohibitive costs. West Germany is debarred by international treaties from having its own nuclear force. After France elected to build a nuclear force, it was believed that other countries would follow suit—Italy, Japan, India, and perhaps even Sweden and Switzerland, to protect their traditional neutrality. But such was not the case. What is impressive is not the alacrity of the countries to become nuclear powers but their reluctance to do so. Since the negotiation of the limited nuclear test-ban agreement, it will be more difficult for additional countries to become nuclear powers. And even if the nuclear club should grow, would not the belated nuclear powers show the same restraint that Russia and the United States have shown with respect to their nuclear deterrents, and for the same reasons?

Never in history have war and world politics been so tightly in the grip of such stupendous and rapidly changing technological developments as they are today. Any predictions about the future must necessarily take into account the possibilities of future technological breakthroughs. It is possible that there will be a notable lag in the military technology of one side or the other, thus inviting

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an attack by the power that has upset the military balance. Again, some technological breakthrough, achieved by both sides, might for a time neutralize the possible use of cataclysmic weapons and restore war to a less awesome state. But it is not probable that defense devices will appreciably or for any length of time neutralize the nuclear armories. Hence the inhibiting stalemate produced by the balance of terror is likely to continue.

The catalogue of explosive possibilities in the world is indeed a long one. But the essential point is that they are merely possibilities and not probabilities. What is curious about the current situation is that we insist on overemphasizing the explosive *possibilities* and on enormously playing down and even ignoring the *probabilities,* which point strongly to increasing international stabilization.

Where, then, are we headed? It now seems clear that we are not headed for any monolithic world, Communist or American; or for a world divided into two monolithisms, the one part Communist and the other part American. Depolarization is taking place. Moscow is a declining influence in the Communist orbit. Washington is a declining influence in the non-Communist orbit. (The obstreperousness of De Gaulle and the growing inclination of all the NATO partners to renege on their NATO commitments, and even when they claim to want a multilateral nuclear deterrent to haggle over its cost and the granting of bases for its Polaris submarines, are strong indications that the Europeans essentially agree that the military threat of the Soviet Union and of Communism is passing, that American and Soviet nuclear might will operate as a mutual deterrent.) There has been a restoration of multi-diplomacy, and China and Western Europe may develop into such centers of power as to produce a revival of something akin to a multiple balance of power. At the same time, regionalism and even internationalism are growing.

Not monolithism but pluralism is the dominant political trend in the world politics of our time: depolarization in the East; depolarization in the West; the multiplication of neutralist states (which is not being arrested by China's foray into India); the emergence of scores and scores of new societies with fluid and mixed economies, pragmatic and varying combinations of indig-

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enous collectivism, privatism, state enterprise and welfarism; and marked differences even among Communist societies.

The first part of the century was one of revolutions, civil wars, total world wars. The second promises to be one of reconstruction, settling down, stabilization, adjusting the new to the old, constructing new societies with pragmatically mixed economies—and an epoch-making utilization of new sources of energy and conquest of outer space.

The constructive trends of the latter half of the century may continue under benign international arrangements which make beginnings in the control of armaments and the institutionalizing of peace and which are progressively widened and implemented. Just as likely they will continue under the awful threat of the nuclear terror, with all the economic and psychological cost that entails. But in either case, these trends will probably continue.

The major concern of the last decades of our century is likely to be not revolutionary and counterrevolutionary mobility, but rather the inhibiting immobility of a frozen *status quo*.

During the first half of the century men said: "Is there no escape from revolutions, civil wars, international wars?" By the end of the century men may well say: "Is there no escape from the imprisoning *status quo*?"

How in the future will we settle the ultimate disputes of nations? What of justice and injustice? How ever break out of the *status quo*? How get desirable change? Will we find substitutes for the great change-makers of the past—international wars, and the revolutions and counterrevolutions and civil wars which often spilled over into world affairs to produce international wars?

In any event, it now appears that for several decades to come we shall face an essentially frozen international *status quo*—by way of agreement, or the inhibiting nuclear balance of terror, or a combination of both.

August, 1963

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The Associate Professor Delivers An Exhortation To His Failing Students

MILLER WILLIAMS

Now when the frogs
that gave their lives for nothing
are washed from the brains and pans
we laid them in
I leave to you
who most excusably misunderstood
the margins of my talks
which because I am wise
and am a coward
were not appended to the syllabus

but I will fail to tell you
what I tell you
even before you fail to understand
so we might
in a manner of speaking
go down together.

I should have told you something of importance
to give at least a meaning
to the letter:

how, after hope, it sometimes happens

a girl, anonymous as beer,
telling forgotten things in a cheap bar

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how she could have taught here as well as I.
Better.

The day I talked about the conduction of currents
I meant to say
be careful about getting hung up in the brain's things
that send you screaming like madmen through the town
or make you
like the man in front of the Jungle
that preaches on Saturday afternoons
a clown.

The day I lectured on adrenalin
I meant to tell you
as you were coming down
slowly out of the hills of certainty

empty your mind of the hopes that held you there.
Make a catechism of all your fears

and say it over:

This is the most of you—who knows—the best
where god was born
and heaven and confession
and half of love
from the fear of falling
and being flushed away
to the gulp of the suckhole and that rusting gut
from which no Jonah comes

that there is no Jesus and no hell

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that god
square root of something equal to all
will not feel the imbalance when you fall

that rotting you will lie unbelievably alone
to be sucked up by some insignificant oak
as a child draws milk through straws
to be his bone.

These are the gravity that holds us together
toward our common sun

every hope getting out of hand
slings us hopelessly outward one by one
till all that kept us common is undone.

The day you took the test
I would have told you this:
that you had no time to listen for questions
hunting out the answers in your files
is surely the kind of irony
poems are made of

that all the answers at best are less than half

and you would have remembered
Lazarus
who hung around with god or the devil for days
and nobody asked him

anything

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But if they do
If one Sunday morning they should ask you
the only thing that matters after all
tell them the only thing you know is true

tell them failing is an act of love
because
like sin
it is the commonality within

how failing together we shall finally pass
how to pomp and circumstance all of a class
noble of eye, blind mares between our knees,
lances ready, we ride to Hercules.

The day I said this had I meant to hope
some impossible punk on a cold slope
stupidly alone
would build himself a fire
to make of me an idiot

and a liar

✪ MILLER WILLIAMS this year received the Amy Lowell Traveling Scholarship in Poetry, which has taken him to Santiago, Chile, to write and to serve as a visiting lecturer at the University of Chile.

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The Southern Mystique

HOWARD ZINN

IT HAS OCCURRED TO ME ONLY RECENTLY that perhaps the most striking development in the South is not that the process of desegregation is under way, but that the mystique with which Americans have always surrounded the South is beginning to vanish.

Driving into Atlanta in a heavy rain one hot August night six and a half years ago, my wife and two small children waking up to watch the shimmering wet lights on Ponce de Leon Avenue, I was as immersed in this mystique as anyone else. For the last full day of driving, the talk and the look of people were different. The trees and fields seemed different. The air itself smelled different. This was the mysterious and terrible South, the Deep South, soaked in blood and history, of which Faulkner wrote—and Margaret Mitchell, and Wilbur J. Cash. White Atlanta had been ravaged and still knew it. Negroes had been slaves and still remembered it. Northerners were strangers, no matter how long they stayed, and would never forget it.

There was something about Atlanta, about Georgia, the Carolinas, that marked them off as with a giant cleaver from the rest of the nation: the sun was hotter, the soil was redder, the people blacker and whiter, the air sweeter, heavier. But beyond the physical, beyond the strange look and smell of this country, was something more that went back to cotton and slavery, stretching into history as far as anyone could remember—an invisible mist over the entire Deep South, distorting justice, blurring perspective, and, most of all, indissoluble by reason.

It is six and a half years later. I have lived these years inside what is often thought to be the womb of the South's mystery: the

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Negro community of the Deep South. My time has been spent mostly with the warm and lovely girls in my classes at Spelman; but also with the earnest young men across the street at Morehouse, with the strangely mixed faculties of the Negro colleges (the white and the dark, the silent and the angry, the conservative and the radical), with the black *bourgeoisie* of college presidents and business executives, with the poor Negro families in frame houses across the street and their children playing with ours on the campus grass. From this, I have been able to wander out into the glare of the white South, or cross into those tiny circles of shadow, out of sight, where people of several colors meet and touch as human beings, inside the tranquil eye of the hurricane.

The Southern mystique hovered nearby even on yellow spring afternoons when we talked quietly to one another in the classroom. At times it grew suddenly dense, fierce, asphyxiating. My students and I were ordered out of the gallery of the Georgia General Assembly, the Speaker of the House shouting hoarsely at us. One nightmarish winter evening, I was arrested and put behind bars. Hundreds of us marched one day toward the State Capitol where helmeted soldiers with rifles and gas masks waited. A dozen of us "sat in" at a department store cafeteria, silent as the manager dimmed the lights, closed the counter and ordered chairs piled on top of tables all around. I drove four hours south to the Black Belt country of Albany, Georgia, to call through a barbed wire fence surrounding the County Jail to a student of mine who was invisible beyond a wire mesh window. It was in Albany also that I sat in the office of the Sheriff of Dougherty County who a month before had given a bloody beating with a cane to a young Negro lawyer. And nowhere was the mystique so real, so enveloping, as on a dirt road in the dusk, deep in the cotton and peanut land of Lee County, Georgia, where justice and reason had never been, and where the night before bullets had ripped into a farmhouse belonging to Negro farmer James Mays and exploded around the heads of sleeping children.

And yet, I can say now after living intensely in the Deep South in exactly those six years when the South itself has lived most intensely, that the mystique is dissolving, for me, and for others. The

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South is still the most terrible place in America. Because it is, it is filled with heroes. The South is monstrous and marvelous at the same time. Every cliché ever uttered about the South, every stereotype attached to its people, white and Negro, is true; a thousand other characteristics, complex and subtle, are also true. The South has not lost its fascination. But it is no longer mysterious. And I want to explain this by talking about those two groups who have been at the center of this mystery, the whites and the Negroes of the Deep South.

Although the darkness of the Negro physically suggests mystery, it is the white Southerner, oddly enough, who has been presented as the great national enigma. This, despite the whiteness of his skin, against which flaws and blemishes show up more easily, a whiteness unsullied by that admixture of Slavic and Latin blood found in the North, and kept homogeneous by the simple expedient of tossing over the wall in the night all offspring from black-white sexual encounter. The mystery of the white Southerner comes from a trait that he is presumed to possess in quantity and quality sharply distinct from everyone else (and deep-in-the-bone compared to the obvious difference of the Negro). That trait is race prejudice.

Other white people, it is acknowledged, are color-biased. There is considered to be, however, something special about the quality of the white Southerner's prejudice. The Yankee is rather business-like in his matter-of-fact exclusion of the Negro from certain spheres of ordinary living. The British imperialist was haughty and sure of himself. But the violence, the passion, the murderous quality of the white Southerner's feeling against the Negro has become a canon of American thought deep in our consciousness and our literature (and of European literature; see Sartre's *La Putain respectueuse*). And what is more significant, while the outward signs of this prejudice are clear enough, at its core, at the *why* of this crazy feeling, is a mystery.

When reporter John Bartlow Martin wrote, right after the Supreme Court decision, *The Deep South Says "Never,"* central to the book's thesis was the implication of some ineradicable mystical hatred, so deep and so invisible in the white Southerner, that

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no blasts of social change could touch it. When I had lived a year or so in the Deep South, talking to and living next door to the same white people described by the author of that book, I began to suspect he was wrong. Six years later, I knew he was. Prejudice, discrimination, race hatred are real problems, to the point of viciousness, even murder. But their mystery, for those who will look hard, is gone.

I will not tangle with *cause*, because once you acknowledge *cause* as the core of a problem, you have built something into it that not only baffles people, but, worse, immobilizes them. Causation is not merely complex—it may be impossible of solution (as some of the new philosophers say), one of those metaphysical conundrums created by our own disposition to set verbal obstacles between ourselves and reality. Why not ignore cause as a general philosophical problem and concentrate on *result*? The point is devilishly, irreverently simple: if you can get a desired result, the mystery is gone. Stop fumbling with the *cause* of prejudice except for those aspects on which we can operate. A physicist may still not know what *really* is behind the transformation of matter into energy, but if he has figured out how to release this energy, his achievement is stupendous.

Atlanta is in the Deep South. Atlanta has as many crackpots, K.K.K. sympathizers, country wool-hats, white supremacists, barbershop lynchers, vicious policemen, as any Southern city. If the Deep South said "Never," Atlanta, too, said "Never." In 1958 it was tightly segregated. By 1963: the buses had desegregated; so had the public libraries, the rail and bus terminals, a number of theaters and restaurants downtown, the department store cafeterias, the opera, the municipal auditorium, the legitimate theater, the public schools, the colleges (public and private), several hotels, the plainclothes squad of the Police Department, the Fire Department, the baseball team, the tennis courts, the parks, the golf courses, the Chamber of Commerce, several professional organizations, the county committee of the Democratic Party and even the Senate of the Georgia General Assembly!

Now that it is all done, there are obvious reasons, which can be

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advanced with great casualness: a flexible city administration, a layer of Negro intellectuals, a determined student movement, a band of white liberals giving cosmopolitan salting to the country-style Talmadge ham. But none of this takes account of the fact that all the above forces are a minority of the population, that most of Atlanta's population, the overwhelming majority of its 350,000 white people, still consider Negroes inferior, and prefer a segregated society, and that these people were numerous enough to have prevented most of the change—by riot, by election, by boycott—*if they cared enough*. They stood by passively and accepted, with the puniest of resistance, a series of fundamental changes in the sociolegal structure of the city.

There is, then, a key to the traditionally mysterious vault of prejudice locked inside the mind of the white Southerner. He cares, but *not enough*. Or, to put it another way, while he cares about segregation, there are things he cares about *more*. The white Southerner has a hierarchy of desires, in which many other things are rated higher than segregation: monetary profit, political power, staying out of jail, the approval of one's immediate peers, conforming to the dominant decision of the community. Desegregation has come in varying degrees, to Atlanta and a hundred other places in the Deep South, in the face of persistent anti-Negro feelings in the community, simply because one or another of these desires, which stand higher in the Southerner's value-scheme, was threatened if he did not surrender.

Except as an academic exercise, there is no need then to probe the fog that inescapably shrouds the philosophical question of causation in race prejudice. What needs to be done is to decide for each group of whites in the community which value is more important and to plan a web of multiple tactics—negotiation, boycott, lawsuit, voting, demonstration—that will effectively appeal to these priorities. In a rough semiconscious way, the actions of the federal courts and of Negro leaders in the South have aimed at this; a more deliberate use of the hierarchy-of-value concept would bring even more dramatic results.

The white man in the South is subject to the same simplicities and the same complexities that surround the human species of any

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color any place; he has certain biological needs, which he will try to satisfy whichever way he can; on top of this he has other wants which he has learned from his culture—and because these often conflict with one another he has an unconscious set of priorities that enables him to make choices. He is subject to economic pressure and ambition. Also, if Jungian theory is correct and the notions of modern role psychology valid (and I believe they are), he needs approval from certain people around him, and seeks to play out the role society has cast him in. Beyond all this, as beyond all the frontiers of human knowledge, there is mystery in the behavior of the human animal. But it's time to clear from our minds that artificial and special mystique, so firmly attached to the Southern white, that has too long served as a rationale for pessimism and inaction.

But what of the black man—or woman? There is a strange and damnable unanimity of segregationists, white liberals and Negroes on one fervent belief—the mystery of *négritude*—the irreducible kernel, after all sociological peelings, of race difference. The segregationist (White Citizen or Black Muslim) shouts this in all directions. The white liberal is subtle, sophisticated and ingenious in the various ways he can express this—he sweetens it with sympathy or admiration or affection—he delights in the sheer thrill of a mystery. He cherishes it as a secret shared with his fellow liberals: "Yes, yes—we can never know what it is to be a Negro. No, no—they will never trust a white man, and we can't blame them." The Negro, robbed of other protection, clings to it, plays with it, turns it to his advantage when he can. Even the most perceptive of his literary leaders (Baldwin, Ellison) use it in cunning, or in pride. And all of them, white liberal and Negro intellectual, fondle it, nurture it as men, having subdued a forest fire, might play with the last flames, too fascinated even in the midst of peril, to put them out for good.

Physical difference is so gross a stimulus to human beings, cursed as they are by the gift of vision, that once it is latched onto as explanation for difference in personality, intelligence, demeanor, it is terribly difficult to put aside. It becomes an easy substitute for the immensely difficult job of explaining personal and social be-

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havior. Conservatives use it openly; liberals secretly, even unknowingly. It seems to be the hardest thing in the world to convince ourselves that once we've noted skin color, facial features and hair texture, we have exhausted the subject of race—that everything beyond that is in our heads, put there by others and kept there by ourselves, and all the brutal material consequences of centuries, from lynching to patronizing friendship, were spun from an original thread of falsehood.

The most vicious thing about segregation—more deadly than its immediate denial of certain goods and services—is its perpetuation of the mystery of racial difference. Because there is a magical and omnipotent dispeller of the mystery; it is *contact*. Contact—but it must be massive, unlike those "integrated" situations in the North, and it must be equal, thus excluding maid-lady relationships of the South—destroys the man-made link between physical difference and behavior explanation. Race consciousness is hollow, its formidable-looking exterior is membrane-thin and is worn away by simple acts of touch, the touching of human beings in contact that is massive, equal and prolonged. The brightness of the physical difference impression is relative; it stands out in that darkness created by segregated living, and is quickly lost in the galaxy of sense impressions that come from being with a person day-in, day-out.

In our country, the kind of contact that rubs away race consciousness is possible only in rare places, and intermittently. But it exists, in scattered underground pockets of resistance to the norm. One of them is the Negro college, where white people can become so immersed in a Negro environment that they are oblivious, at least temporarily, of race. The fact that they live on an island, against which waves of prejudice roll from time to time means that they slide back and forth from overconsciousness on some days to a blissful racial amnesia on others.

A white student, after several months living, eating, studying, playing in a totally Negro college environment, visited a nearby white college and returned saying, "How pallid they all seemed—all those white faces and sharp noses!" This is a startling example of race consciousness in reverse, but it is encouraging to see how

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quickly one can change the temper of racial awareness by an inundation of sense experiences.

Once the superficiality of the physical is penetrated and seen for what it is, the puzzle of race loses itself in whatever puzzle there is to human behavior in general. Once you begin to look, in human clash, for explanations other than race, they suddenly become visible, and even where they remain out of sight, it is comforting to know that these nonracial explanations exist, as disease began to lose its eeriness with the discovery of bacteria, although the specific problem of identifying each bacterial group remained.

So long as evil exists—and it exists in poisonous heaps, South and North—the raw material for mystery is here. We can make the most—if we want to—of white mobs in Oxford, mass Negro indignation in Albany, blazing churches in Birmingham, gunfire on rural porches, and the sheer wonder of blackness and whiteness. But the specialness of the Southern mystique vanishes when one sees that whites and Negroes behave only like human beings, that the South is but a distorted mirror image of the North, and that we are powerful enough today, and free enough—to retain only as much of the past as we want. We are all magicians. We created the mystery of the South, and we can dissolve it.

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The Marshaling of the Achaians

Translated from Book II of Homer's *Iliad*

by SIMON GOLDFIELD

Thus did the multitude speak, but Odysseus, sacker of cities,
Arose with the scepter in hand, while Athena the glittering-eyed,
At his side in the guise of a herald, commanded the host to be still
In order that all the Achaians, the farthest as well as the near,
Could hear what Odysseus said and be able to ponder his counsel.
With thoughts well meant for them all, he made his address in their midst:
"Now it is plain, Agamemnon, the Argives are perfectly willing
To make you, of all men mortal, supremely despised, O king,
Without any thought of fulfilling their promise to you at the time
They were still on their journey from Argos, the pasture of horses —a promise
That not until strong-walled Troy had been sacked would you make your return.
Like widows they are, small children, who weep that they want to go home.
True, there is hardship enough for a man to return disheartened:
Even a man who remains with his benched ship, far from his wife,
For as much as a month grows restless, confined by the storms of winter
And furious seas, but for us, the year that is now at its turn
Is the ninth that we stay here and wait. So I cannot be greatly indignant
Because the Achaians are restless and fret by their curving ships,
But to stay for as long as we have and depart here empty is shameful.
Therefore I say, my friends, take heart and remain for a while
Till we learn if the prophecy uttered by Kalchas is truthful or not.
For this in our hearts we know, and to this you can all bear witness—

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Those whom the fates of death, that is, have not borne away—
Yesterday only it seems, that day when the ships of the Argives
Were being assembled at Aulis with evils in store for the Trojans,
And we, having come to a spring where a beautiful plane tree grew
And the water was limpidly flowing beneath, on our sacred altars
Were offering to the immortals our hecatombs perfect in growth.
And then there appeared to our vision a great sign, sent to the light
By Zeus, when a terrible serpent, a serpent with blood-red back,
Sprang forth from beneath the altar and darted as far as the plane.
In the tree there were tender nestlings, the young ones hatched by a sparrow,
High on the uppermost branches and cowering under the leaves—
There were eight, but the mother herself was the one that we counted as ninth.
All eight did the serpent devour as they uttered their pitiful cheeps,
And the mother bird fluttered around them, lamenting her own dear young,
Till he coiled, as she screamed around him, and caught her by one of her wings.
But once he had finished devouring the sparrow and all of her young,
The god who had brought him to light made plain he was sent as a sign,
For the offspring of devious Kronos transformed him into a stone,
And, standing about at the altar, we marveled at what had been wrought.
Then Kalchas, who saw with the others the hecatombs of the immortals
Disturbed by dread apparitions, proceeded to prophesy thus:
'Why are you stricken and speechless, you long-haired sons of the Argives?
What was revealed to us here was an omen from Counselor Zeus,
Late, to be late fulfilled, but the glory of it shall not perish.
Just as this serpent devoured the sparrow and all of her young—
There were eight, but the mother herself was the one that we counted as ninth—

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So, and for so many years shall we battle away, but at last,
In the tenth year, then shall we capture the wide-wayed city of Troy.'
Thus he declared, and his sayings are all of them being fulfilled.
So come, and abide for a little, you splendidly greaved Achaians,
Until we are able to capture the city of Priam the king."
So he spoke, and the clustered vessels reëchoed with terrible sound
As the Argives shouted in favor of godlike Odysseus' speech.
And Gerenian Nestor the horseman was next to address them, saying,
"For shame, you remind me of children the way you are holding assembly—
Thoughtless, with never a care for conducting the business of war.
What in the end shall become of these oaths and pledges of ours?
To the fire, I say, with them all—with the plans and the counsels of men,
Clasped hands, and the pure libations on which we have founded our trust.
Vainly we strive with words, and yet, in this whole long time
We have tarried, we still are unable to find what the remedy is.
So hold to your purpose, Atreides, unalterably as of old,
And be to the sons of the Argives their leader in stubborn battles.
And such as there are, let them perish—the one or the two in our host
Who have plotted together in secret—though nothing will come of their plans—
To make their return to Argos before it can even be known
Whether Zeus, the lord of the aegis, is false to his promise or not.
For he gave us his nod of assent, I insist, the day we embarked
In our swift ships, carrying with us destruction and death for the Trojans:
The omen he showed was propitious when lightning appeared on our right.
Therefore let no one among you be urgent about his return,
No, not until each of our men shall have lain with the wife of a Trojan

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And gotten the recompense due for his toils and groans over Helen.
However, if any Achaian desires to return to his home
So terribly, then let him go and lay hold of his decked black ship
So that he, before all of the rest, may encounter his death and his fate.
But still, though decision is yours, be prevailed upon, king, by another:
Whatever my word, it is one that is not to be lightly dismissed.
Marshal your men, Agamemnon, according to tribes and to clans,
So that tribe may be helped by tribe, and clan may be helped by clan.
For then, if you marshal them thus, and the Argives obey your command,
You will realize which of the leaders are cowards, and which of the host,
And who are the brave, for the clans will be battling each for itself;
And will know if a god's decree will prevent your taking the city,
Or cowardice, rather, in men, and their senseless conduct of war."
And Atreides, ruler of men, made answer to Nestor and said:
"Old man, you have done it again and prevailed over all the Achaians
In speaking before the assembly. O Zeus, Athena, Apollo,
Would I had ten such men for my counselors from the Achaians!
Then would we instantly see how the city of Priam the king,
Having bowed down under our hands, would be taken and utterly ravaged.
But Zeus who is lord of the aegis has visited sorrows upon me
By casting me into the midst of this fruitless wrangling and strife.
For even Achilles and I had a quarrel with violent words,
A quarrel because of a girl, and I in my anger began it.
But yet if it ever occurs that we both are united in counsel,
Then shall there be for the Trojans no further postponement of doom.
So go to your suppers at once and be ready to join in the battle:
Let each man sharpen his spear and be sure that his shield is in order,

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And see that his swift-footed horses are furnished with plenty of food,
And look to his chariot well, and on both sides, thinking ahead
Of the day-long battle to come and the hateful struggle of war.
For between there shall be no respite, not even so much as an instant,
Except when the night comes on and divides the fury of men.
On the bosom of many a man shall the strap of his covering shield
Grow moist with his sweat, and his hand grow weary from holding the spear,
And his horse shall be drenched with sweat as he tugs at the glittering car.
But anyone I am aware of whose purpose it is to remain
By the curving ships, and apart from the fighting, from that time forth
Will assuredly have small hope of escaping the dogs and the birds."
Such were the words that he spoke, and they shouted aloud, like a wave
When it roars on a lofty headland, impelled by the driving Wind
Of the South—a projecting rock that at no time stands unassailed
By the waves, for on every side they are raised by the varying winds.
So they rose and they hurried away, dispersing themselves through the ships,
And partook of their meals by the fires that they kindled in front of their huts.
And each, with a sacrifice offered to one of the gods everlasting,
Prayed that he might be delivered from death and the rigors of war.
But Atreides, ruler of men, as an offering, slaughtered a bull
That was fat and of five years' growth to the powerful offspring of Kronos,
Inviting the ones who were elders and chieftains among the Achaians—
Gerenian Nestor the first, and Idomeneus next, and Aias
Together with Aias the lesser, and Tydeus' son; and the sixth
Was Odysseus ever resourceful, in counsel the equal of Zeus.
Of his own accord, Menelaos, renowned for his rallying cry,

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Came also, aware in his heart that the task of his brother was great.
So they gathered around the bull, and they each took grains of the barley,
And Atreus' son Agamemnon proceeded to utter the prayer:
"Most great, most glorious Zeus of the storm cloud, dwelling in heaven,
Grant that the sun may not set nor the darkening night come on
Before I have razed to the ground, in ruins and blackened with smoke,
The palace of Priam the king, and have burned in devouring fire
The gates, and on Hector's breast ripped open his tunic of mail
With the rending bronze; and in throngs may all who are comrades of his
Lie prone, with their faces in dust as their teeth take hold of the earth."
Thus did he speak, but Zeus would as yet not grant him his prayer;
The offerings—these he accepted, but toil he increased without rest.
And when they had finished their prayer and had scattered their grains of barley,
They lifted the head of the bull and proceeded to slaughter and flay;
And, cutting the parts from the thighs, they wrapped them in pieces of fat
Which were folded in two, and on these they arranged raw bits of the meat.
And they burned them on logs of wood that were cloven and stripped of their leaves,
Extending the vitals on spits to be seared by the flame of Hephaistos.
And once they had burned the thighs and had taken their taste of the vitals,
They cut the remainder in portions, and, piercing them through with the spits,
They roasted the separate pieces with care and withdrew them again.

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And then, with their labors done and their banquet ready, they feasted,
Nor lacked to their hearts' desire of that evenly bountiful feast.
And afterwards, when they had put from them hunger for meat and for drink,
Gerenian Nestor the horseman began with a speech to them, saying,
"No more let us linger, Atreides, conversing together like this
And further delaying the work that is put in our hands by the god.
But come, let them make their announcement, the heralds, through all of the ships,
And gather together the host of the bronze-clad sons of the Argives.
Ourselves, let us go as we are through the spacious Achaian encampment
In order to rouse more quickly desire for impetuous war."
Such were the words that he uttered, and Atreus' son did not fail
To obey, but acting at once, he commanded his clear-voiced heralds
To go to the long-haired Achaians and issue a summons to war,
And once they had issued their summons, the people assembled with speed.
And swiftly the ones with Atreides, the kings who were nurtured by Zeus,
Divided the men; and Athena the glittering-eyed, in their midst,
Went bearing the glorious aegis, imperishable and unaging,
And hung with a hundred tassels entirely fashioned of gold,
Each one of them woven with care and the worth of a hundred oxen.
Dazzling with this like the lightning, she passed through the host of the Argives,
Impelling the men to advance, and in each of their hearts she awakened
The strength for relentless warfare, for fighting without any rest.
And battle became, thereafter, a thing that was sweeter to them
Than to sail in their hollow ships and return to the land of their fathers.
As, on the crest of a mountain, a forest of measureless growth

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Is ablaze with devouring fire, and the glare can be seen from afar,
So, as the host marched forth, from the vast, multitudinous bronze,
There rose a resplendent gleam that went up through the air to the heavens.
As tribes of feathery birds, wild geese or the long-necked swans,
Or cranes, in the Asian meadow that borders Kaÿstrios' stream,
Go hither and thither in flight and exult with a sweeping of wings,
Unceasingly settling ahead, and the meadow resounds with their cries,
So, from the ships and the huts, did the numerous tribes of the host
Pour forth on the plain of Skamander, and even the earth underneath
Reëchoed with terrible sound to the tread of the horses and men.
Thus did they take their stand on the flowery plain of Skamander,
Innumerable as the leaves and the flowers that come in their season.

✪ SIMON GOLDFIELD writes: "Greek literature, and Homer in particular, has been a hobby of mine since college. It was at the University of Pittsburgh that I carried on my studies in the field."

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Paradise Lost Now

JOHN N. MORRIS

THE GREAT QUESTION ABOUT *Paradise Lost* is, why read it? "None ever wished it longer than it is," said Dr. Johnson two hundred years ago, and most readers nowadays seem to agree with him. For the fact is that few of us like *Paradise Lost,* especially if we read it only once. Even those few, I imagine, regard the poem with more admiration than real love—and to be sure, on the face of it at least, there is nothing charming about it. It is so huge and in some fashion so formidable. It is like an old house we have inherited—too large, too magnificent and at the same time terribly inconvenient, and built in an architectural style of which we can only say, doubtfully, that it is an acquired taste. In short, it is not our proper home.

We feel that, and we are almost right. It has been a long time since we have been at ease with the ideas presented in *Paradise Lost*. Perhaps the most inconvenient of them all, because it is the largest, is the notion that actions and thoughts may have disastrous consequences, for ourselves and for others who are in no direct way to blame; and that second chances are not ours by right but are the gifts of God—gifts that we may never be said really to deserve. The poem teaches, in short, that some mistakes are irretrievable. It is precisely this notion that makes us uncomfortable. "Death," say the highway signs, "is so final"; but we have come to feel that practically nothing else unpleasant is. With obvious exceptions, our success in reaching accommodations with reality—both physical and moral reality—has been great. By a variety of technical,

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political and economic devices we have attempted to contrive a world in which the fool shall not suffer for his folly. That is absolutely as it should be, I am sure. But it is scarcely to be wondered at that, involved as we are in this project, we should be made uneasy by Milton, who insists that such suffering is both inevitable and just.

The ordinary response to Milton's rigor is either simply to condemn it as insensitive and inhumane and—worse still—embarrassingly out-of-date or to tone it down by explaining that he really meant something quite different and much nicer. Neither response is adequate. I should like to suggest that Milton's moral notions, viewed in all their complication, have in them something interesting and immediately valuable to us. Among other reasons, we should read *Paradise Lost* because it is good for us; that is to say, because it is true.

Certainly no matter how successfully we have in general composed our differences with reality, mitigating the consequences of our blundering intercourse with it, we private, particular fools still suffer hugely and inevitably in one area of our lives. I mean, of course, our emotions. We know by experience that our capacity for pleasure and love is sullied and, in comparison with some ideal of possibility which we intuit or dimly remember, diminished and restricted. And the fault, we often feel, is in ourselves. The difference between the views on this subject of Milton and of so radically modern a thinker as Freud is perhaps no more than this: that Milton believes we deserve our pain while Freud does not, or at least not in anything like Milton's terms. Both agree that the pain is inevitable; but Milton is if anything a bit more optimistic than Freud in holding that someday at least a few of us (although through no merit of our own) will rise again, healed and with all our capacity for joy restored.

My purpose in comparing Milton to Freud is not to justify one or the other of them, but simply to suggest that the grounds of our deep interest in psychoanalytic ideas may also be the grounds of a proper interest in *Paradise Lost*. In Freudian thought, says Philip Rieff, "the unique crime of the tragic hero becomes an

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intention in every heart." He is speaking of Oedipus, of course; but he might almost as well have had Adam in mind. As Professor Frank Kermode points out, the illogical syntax of these lines in Book IV,

> Adam the goodliest man of men since born
> His Sons, the fairest of her Daughters Eve
> (ll. 323-4)

manages to include them in us and us in them, abolishing the difference between our first parents and ourselves. *Paradise Lost* is in one of its aspects a psychological *Aeneid* in its attempt to construct a past that will in some fashion explain the present as we know it to be. The point is that that past is not the past of the race merely, but of each of us.

Surely, however, our greatest difficulty with the poem is not its assertion that our pains are inevitable, but its insistence that they are just. No doubt this, too, can be explained psychoanalytically. Indeed, the Freudian critique of religion at large attempts to do just that. Society, Freud says in *Totem and Taboo,* was "based on complicity in the common crime"—that is, the killing of the primal father, for which Adam's disobedience is a moral euphemism; religion, he continues, "was based on the sense of guilt and remorse attached" to that crime. But interesting as this is, it does not entirely account for the power of Milton's acceptance of our common guilt to repel and—for reasons I am about to suggest—to attract us.

That we are repelled is sufficiently clear, I think. The critical efforts to see Satan as the hero of the poem; our objections to the portrait of God the poem draws—these alone are testimony enough. To my mind, the objections to the portrait of God are the more interesting, for thinly disguised as aesthetic judgments, they are frequently attacks on God himself, outside the poem as well as inside it. As C. S. Lewis puts it, "Many of those who say they dislike Milton's God only mean that they dislike God." Full of sympathy with attacks on God though some of us may be, in attacking Milton's God we are missing one of the main points of the poem—and one to which, whatever the state of our faith, we can give some measure of assent. Let us take one of those passages in which God appears at his worst. Book III is full of them. Considerably before

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the fact, God is explaining to his Son and to the angels why he will have to punish man. "Die hee or Justice must," he says, an utterance that on its face seems appallingly rigid. But it is not. It is not a threat or a sentence, but a kind of promise. These words are essentially Milton's version of those emblazoned above the entrance to Dante's Hell: "Divine Power Made Me, and Supreme Wisdom, and Primal Love." Milton's God does not mention Primal Love in this context, but it is operating here just as surely as in Dante. For Justice is not justice merely in the courtroom sense. Much more than trial and punishment is implied. Justice in Milton's meaning of the term existed before there was a human crime to try—indeed, before there was an angelic crime, before, that is, the fall of Satan. It is the moral law of the universe, which operates like physical law, from which it is scarcely to be distinguished. The presumed certainty with which physical law operates is a mercy, surely; for one thing, it is what makes knowledge about the universe possible. And so with Justice. Although it can destroy, it is nevertheless the principle of order that gives meaning to our acts. This is what God promises us: the gift of dignity that follows from our being answerable for ourselves. Thus Justice is, like Hell, a work of love. Perhaps we pay a high price for that love, that dignity. But it is Milton's heroic notion that any man would prefer a meaningful life, however charged with pain, to a comfortable, easy and morally vegetative existence.

Perhaps the point will be clearer if we recall to mind Milton's noble models, the classical epics, and particularly the *Iliad*. Surely it is obvious that the heroes of that poem are more admirable than the gods because as men they are mortal. For one cannot be heroic if one has nothing to lose. To the immortals nothing matters in anything like the way it matters to Achilles and Hector—and us. Even their loves and hatreds, in comparison with those of men, are petty and whimsical. The gods are morally uninteresting because their actions have consequences only for others, never for themselves. Thus they are debarred from the possibility of significant choice. They cannot, like Achilles, decide between a long and happy life and a short and glorious one. The famous heel of Achilles (of which, to be sure, Homer makes nothing) is not a mark

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of his weakness but of his strength; it is the emblem of his mortality and, therefore, the sign of his superiority to the deities, who, however powerful, are moral nonentities. In short, Homer, like Milton's God, finds a world where choices can be seen truly to exist —because large personal consequences can follow from them—to be a stirring and attractive one; Milton and Homer pay us the great compliment of assuming that we find this notion as bracing as they do. Milton, indeed, goes further than Homer does, for his God has fashioned a world in which *each* of us *must* make great choices. Milton's argument, he says, is "Not less but more Heroic than the wrath/ Of stern Achilles," and he is right. Those words of God, "Die hee or Justice must," are, I repeat, not a threat but a promise—a promise of our moral significance, and hence such a stimulus to our legitimate self-esteem that by themselves they constitute a justification of God's ways to man.

It may be that this notion is unacceptable to us. We may today question whether our lives and our decisions do in fact have the large meaning Milton says they have. Convinced as most of us are that the universe is at best indifferent to us, we nowadays take a kind of pride in our new humility. And that is very respectable in us, no doubt. But a conviction of this sort is also very comfortable, for if there are no cosmic sanctions for virtue neither are there any against its opposite. Yet the old, austere Miltonic idea still retains a certain force, still exercises a certain attraction. It has the quality of a reproach, for its moral grandeur is a standard against which to measure our unheroic sense of our unimportance, our moral invisibility. Milton's notion is, in short, a criticism of our lives.

I have been speaking of very large ideas—ideas that we find in Milton, but which Milton does not express in so many words. Perhaps now it is time to turn to some of those ideas about which he is explicit. I do not mean those stumbling blocks that Huckleberry Finn refers to under the term *preforeordestination*. Milton does mention these matters, of course.

> Others apart sat on a Hill retir'd,
> In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
> Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate,

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> Fixt fate, Free will, Foreknowledge absolute,
> And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost.
> (II, ll. 557-61)

It is the fallen angels who vex their wits with intricacies of this sort. Teachers who point out that fact to students anxious to exercise their ingenuity are not merely ducking an issue they are incompetent to deal with. Milton's meaning is clear. God may be capable of speaking sensibly of such matters. Milton tries to make him do so, especially in Book III. But fallen angels and fallen men cannot, and so we had better give over the project.

One of Milton's theological notions, however, is so important that we cannot dismiss it. God's grandest response to the revolt in Heaven is the creation of the world. At the announcement of his intention the angels rejoice, singing

> Glory to him whose just avenging ire
> Had driven out th' ungodly from his sight
> And th' habitations of the just; to him
> Glory and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd
> Good out of evil to create. . . . (VII, ll. 184-8)

Good out of evil to create—this is God's purpose, the "Eternal Providence" that Milton in the invocation to Book I declares he will assert in order to "justify the ways of God to men." Even Satan, mistaken though he is about most things, can understand that. "If then his Providence/ Out of our evil seek to bring forth good," Satan says to Beelzebub,

> Our labor must be to pervert that end,
> And out of good still to find means of evil.
> (I, ll. 163-5)

The Satanic program is conceived of explicitly as absolute opposition to God's plan to bring good out of evil.

No attentive reader of the poem will have missed the fact that its very structure is intended to illustrate this Divine intention. A scene in Hell is followed by a scene in Heaven. The fall of the angels is succeeded by the creation of the world and man; and upon the judgment of fallen man follows the promise of his redemption and reconciliation with God. So much is obvious. But as Milton's critics have been at pains to point out, there are an aston-

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ishing number of other ways in which God's purpose is expressed in the poem. For instance, the very design of the cosmos illustrates it. Milton's Hell, we notice, is not, like Dante's, at the center of the earth—and not only for the amusing reason he gives elsewhere, that "if the whole world is finally to be consumed by fire, it follows that hell, if situated in the centre of the earth, must share the fate of the surrounding universe; a consummation more to be desired than expected by the souls in perdition." Its location in space, literally poles apart from Heaven, is the physical expression of its spiritual meaning as the home of those absolutely opposed to and infinitely removed from God. In short, there is in *Paradise Lost* a moral and poetic reason for Hell being where it is as well as the logical one Milton was content with when he wrote that prose sentence I just quoted. Milton's tactics here are typical of the economy of effort by which he attains his poetic ends. Few details, even of simple description, exist for their own sake alone; Milton forces them to render up a larger meaning. Consider that famous phrase in the description of Hell, "darkness visible." As Merritt Hughes, an editor of the poem, remarks, Milton may be being paradoxical here, but not willfully so, and not without example: Aquinas in the *Summa* speaks of Hell in rather the same way; and earlier in Milton's century Robert Herrick had written

> The fire of Hell this strange condition hath,
> To burn, not shine (as Learned Basil saith).

Milton's phrase, then, has respectable antecedents. That fact in itself is not particularly interesting, but what he does with the phrase is. For the lighting of Hell is made to contrast with the description of God's visible aspect, which Book III tells us is "dark with excessive bright." Now the previously inert, puzzlingly paradoxical phrase about Hell becomes one of a pair that once more enforces upon the reader in a small, tidy way a sense of the polar relationship of Hell and Heaven. Instances of this sort multiply almost endlessly. As Satan departs from Hell, for example, the iron gates fly open

> With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
> . . . and on thir hinges grate

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Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus. (II, ll. 880-3)

It is very impressive, but it means very little until the moment in Book VII when Christ departs on his mission, the creation; then

Heav'n op'n'd wide
Her ever-during Gates, Harmonious sound
On Golden Hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glory in his powerful Word
And Spirit coming to create new Worlds.
(ll. 205-9)

Iron and gold, a grating roar and a harmonious sound, Hell and Heaven, Satan and Christ, destruction and creation—point by point the parallels insist, without the intervention of Milton's voice, on the great theme of God's providential design of bringing good out of evil.

Or take the unholy trinity of Satan, Sin and Death, the evil counterpart of the Divine family, Father, Son and Holy Spirit. The similarity between the two only emphasizes the difference. And there is a further point here. That similarity between Satan's family and God's dramatizes the futility of Satan's efforts, for try as he will he can make nothing that is not an imitation, however debased, of something divine. God and God only has the power truly to create.

The fact is, there is something witty about the Divine plan. God seems to take pleasure in paradoxes. Of these the most striking to many readers has been the paradox of the Fortunate Fall, the *felix culpa*. Important as paradox most certainly is in this poem theologically and artistically, I should like to suggest the mildly unorthodox view that this particular paradox is not one that Milton really makes very much of. The doctrine is simply that Adam's sin is to be conceived of as a blessing, not a disaster, for it was the occasion, eventually, of Christ's incarnation, an act of Divine love so greatly to be desired and praised as to vacate the sentence of condemnation that we, his resentful descendents, naturally pass on Adam, the author of our Fall. In English the classic expression of this idea—the one everyone who mentions the subject quotes—is an anonymous medieval lyric praising Adam's act because it necessitated the Blessed Virgin's attainment of her exceptional status:

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> Adam lay yboundin, boundin in a bond,
> Foure thousand winter thought he not to long.
> And al was for an appil, an appil that he took,
> As clerkes findin wretin in here book.
> Ne hadde the appil take ben, the appil taken ben,
> Ne hadde never our Lady a ben hevene quen.
> Blissed be the time that appil take was,
> Therfore we mown singin Deo Gratias.

It is a charming piece, but the idea it expresses is not one that in his poem Milton feels entirely comfortable with. After all, the notion is absurd, for if Adam's sin was so serious as to demand so magnificent an expiation, it must have, in and of itself, some eternal moral significance. At very least it must somehow continue to exist. The consequences of Adam's sin are remitted through Christ—but surely the sin itself is not cancelled out. After all, even if we forgive our debtors, the details of the transaction remain in our records. To Milton, at any rate, the Paradox of the Fortunate Fall is not something to be believed in absolutely. "Full of doubt I stand," Adam exclaims, just after Michael has described the Resurrection and its consequences, "Whether I should repent me now of sin/ By mee done and occasioned, or rejoice/ Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring. . . ." Perhaps he is seeking what refuge he can from his terrible responsibility for the future. Unlike the author of that lyric I quoted a moment ago, Adam has the grace to be "full of doubt" on the subject. On this point Michael, his instructor, is silent—significantly so, I believe. The doubt is unresolved.

My purpose in digressing at such length on this subject is not simply to cast doubt on the large significance some have found in this speech of Adam's, but also to suggest the positive point that there is no *one* notion, no *one* action of God's that to Milton justifies God's ways. Milton's assertion is larger than that. The Atonement, glorious as it is, is in a sense not exceptional at all. It is typical of the Divine behavior. Not just once, but time after time, God contrives to bring greater good out of evil. It is really to reinforce this point that Milton introduces those parallels between Heaven and Hell that I mentioned earlier. Once created, Milton's cosmos is the static or passive representation of the relationship

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between good and evil of which God's deeds—all his deeds—are the active expression. Whatever else we may say about them, in Milton the physical and moral universes, the world of things and the world of actions and ideas, display the virtue of consistency with each other.

I do not think that the aesthetic quality of God's plan has been sufficiently remarked. For the moment at least, I mean its shape as an idea, independent of the grace with which Milton expresses it. Physicists, I am told, speak of the "elegance" of certain scientific conceptions—a term that seems intended to honor the neatness and economy of a notion, qualities that, although they may have no demonstrable scientific value, are deeply satisfying to those who perceive them. Considered abstractly, the theological ideas at the heart of *Paradise Lost* have a similar attractiveness. That evil should contain within itself the principle of its own destruction; that good should arise out of evil—in the moral physics of this universe there is little waste, little friction. It does not really matter that most of us do not believe that Milton's description of things as they are is accurate. As a conception, a construct, an idea, it is for certain minds austerely beautiful. I would go so far as to speculate that it was this aspect of his subject as much as his pious belief in its truth and importance that attracted Milton to the story of the Fall. It is, at any rate, a poet's reason for being attracted by a subject. A poet, says W. H. Auden, "is constantly tempted to make use of an idea or a belief, not because he believes it to be true, but because he sees it has interesting poetic possibilities." It is the shape of a conception rather than the doctrine itself that fascinates first. For Milton, of course, the subject had to be one he could believe in. As is well known, he abandoned his early plan to write an epic on an Arthurian subject when he came to doubt the literal truth of the legends he would have had to build on. Still, it is impossible to doubt that the matter of *Paradise Lost* exercised for Milton that primary kind of attraction Auden has in mind. "Be thou in Adam's room," says God to Christ in Book III,

> The Head of all mankind, though Adam's Son.
> As in him perish all men, so in thee
> As from a second root shall be restored,

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> As many as are restored, without thee none.
> His crime makes guilty all his Sons, thy merit
> Imputed shall absolve them. . . .
> . . . So Man, as is most just,
> Shall satisfy for Man. . . . (ll. 285-95)

If the number of such passages in which Milton gives pointed expression to the tidiness of the Divine scheme is any evidence, it is clear that the idea in its bare outlines gave Milton the kind of aesthetic pleasure of which the physicists speak.

Those "interesting poetic possibilities" are not, however, merely conceptual. They are verbal as well. To quote Auden once more, "A poet has to woo, not only his own Muse but also Dame Philology. . . . As a rule, the sign that a beginner has a genuine original talent is that he is more interested in playing with words than in saying something original." Now Milton was no beginner; but no poet was ever more constantly in love with Dame Philology. "Sleep on,/ Blest pair," says Milton, apostrophizing Adam and Eve,

> and O yet happiest if ye seek
> No happier state, and know to know no more.

No one can properly understand *Paradise Lost* who does not take pleasure in the intricate wit of these lines. For a poet writes lines first, then poems; he loves words, and after that ideas. And he will be drawn toward subjects that require of him the kind of play with words that gives him intimate pleasure. The Fall was for Milton a subject of just this sort. Conceptually beautiful in itself, it was also capable of occasioning in Milton a language delightful in the first place to him and in the second to us. Milton's style is, in his word, "answerable" to his subject—that is, suited to it. It sounds as if he meant that he had chosen the subject first and then found a style for it. But I wonder whether it was not the other way around; whether it was not that the language in him found in the story of the Fall that elegant conception it was best suited to exploit.

In short, Milton's transactions with ideas are not first of all those of a theologian or a moralist, but of a poet. The fact is obvious enough, I suppose; but perhaps its significance is not. To say that Milton dealt with ideas about God poetically is not to say

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that he was incapable of dealing with them as a theologian. He could and he did—but not in verse. In his systematic work *De Doctrina Christiana* he lays down his theses and arguments with the clarity and rigor of a Spinoza. It is a book that no one reads for pleasure, nor was it ever intended that anyone should do so. Just here is the difference between *De Doctrina* and *Paradise Lost,* between theology and poetry. We *are* intended to read *Paradise Lost* for pleasure. This is not to deny that the poem has a didactic purpose. Of course it has, and that purpose is very prominent. To use the old phrase, Milton means to delight and instruct. Significantly, I think, "delight" comes first. Just what that word means I find it difficult to specify, especially when I consider the matter abstractly. But in the particular instance of *Paradise Lost,* it is possible to say that our delight has something to do with the fact that delight is itself a subject of the poem. For the possibility of high, perfect pleasure is that Paradise which in the Fall we have forever lost.

Part of Milton's task was to convince us that in the Fall we lost something valuable, and it is at once his greatest tactical success and his most interesting point, at least for modern readers, that he identifies that valuable, vanished thing with something we know to have disappeared from our own lives. Milton's Eden is that ideal of possibility of which I spoke earlier, the intuited or remembered capacity for pleasure against which we measure our sullied and diminished emotional powers. In moral terms, Eden is the place where there is no conflict, because there is no difference, between what is and what ought to be. In the language of unfallen man there is scarcely a distinction between "can" and "may." But Milton is not so abstract. In *Paradise Lost* he presents us with an experience of that world: Eden is presented to the human consciousness, the consciousness of Adam and Eve—and of us—as the place where desires are both good and attainable. Let me be as clear as possible about it: those desires are first of all physical, and in unfallen man they are not merely condoned but praised. For Milton, as Professor Frank Kermode has remarked, "the joy of Paradise is very much a matter of the senses." This is what delight means in Milton: high pleasure, attainable pleasure and pleasure

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without guilt. In modern terms, the capacity for such pleasure is health; and health is the paradise we have lost, or perhaps never had, but which in any case we long for.

"To delight he made us," says Adam to Eve, and the poem is full of such assurances. Eve's beauty is such that even for Satan "her look sums all Delight." At the sight of her, just before the Temptation, he is struck "stupidly good."

> But the hot Hell that always in him burns,
> Though in mid Heav'n, soon ended his delight,
> And tortures him now more, the more he sees
> Of pleasure not for him ordain'd. . . .
> (IX, ll. 467-70)

He recollects himself and reflects:

> Thoughts, whither have ye led me, with what sweet
> Compulsion thus transported to forget
> What hither brought us, hate, not love, nor hope
> Of Paradise for hell, hope here to taste
> Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy. . . .
> (IX, ll. 473-7)

The Satanic project, then, is explicitly to put an end to pleasure. And we notice here that pleasure, delight, is conceived of as sexual. It is desire for Eve, for the pleasure that "sums all Delight," that Satan, by "sweet compulsion," feels. The "hot Hell that always in him burns" is frustration, the sense so suitably foreign to Eden of unactable desire. If we doubt this we have only to turn to Book IV, where Satan, peeping in upon the lovers, exclaims,

> Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two
> Imparadis't in one another's arms
> The happier Eden, shall enjoy thir fill
> Of bliss on bliss, while I to Hell am thrust,
> Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,
> Among our other torments not the least,
> Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines.
> (ll. 505-11)

Hell, then, is the state of suffering "the pain of longing." Finally, I suppose, it must be longing for the good, for blessedness. But sexual pleasure is very clearly Milton's strongest metaphor for

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beatitude, and a helpless longing for it is his most powerful expression of the pain and deprivation the damned must endure.

But we are not Satan. Fallen though we are, we are not that badly off. Satan is impotent, and his sexual plight is the sign and seal of his moral condition, his hopelessness and powerlessness to attain his ends. We are more capable. But as with Satan, our sexual plight is the image of our moral state: we hang between. The pathos of our situation—Milton makes us feel it—is that we can hope for and aspire to the Edenic. In certain moods, what man, as he reads the first description of our parents, would not be Adam, and what reasonable woman would not change places with Eve?

> Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,
> Godlike erect, with native Honor clad
> In naked Majesty seem'd Lords of all
> . . . .
> For contemplation hee and valor form'd,
> For softeness shee and sweet attractive Grace,
> Hee for God only, shee for God in him:
> His fair large Front and Eye sublime declar'd
> Absolute rule; and Hyacinthine Locks
> Round from his parted forelock manly hung
> Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
> Shee as a veil down to the slender waist
> Her unadorned golden tresses wore
> Dishevell'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd
> As the Vine curls her tendrils, which impli'd
> Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,
> And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,
> Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
> And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.
> Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd,
> Then was not guilty shame: dishonest shame
> Of Nature's works, honor dishonorable,
> Sin-bred, how have ye troubl'd all mankind
> With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,
> And banisht from man's life his happiest life,
> Simplicity and spotless innocence.
> So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight
> Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill:
> So hand in hand they passed, the loveliest pair
> That ever since in love's imbraces met,

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Adam, the goodliest man of men since born
His Sons, the fairest of her Daughters Eve.
(IV, ll. 288-324)

Nothing could be more explicit. In the Fall our "happiest life" has been tainted. The relationship between Adam and Eve is one we can imagine for ourselves at the same time that we realize that, however closely we approach it, we can never perfectly achieve it. It is how things ought to be and would be, we feel, if something terrible had not happened. Part of Milton's greatness is that he turns our ordinary association of sexuality with sin—and with the original sin in particular—on its head. Bliss and innocence do not consist in sexlessness, but in pure and full sexuality. To the essential rightness of Milton's conception many of us, from experience with our own emotions, can testify. I suggest that one reason *Paradise Lost* is still valuable to us is that it tells this sanative truth that we are even better prepared than Milton's first readers to believe.

Milton, then, convinces us that in the Fall we lost something immensely valuable. But his task is not finished. His theme requires not only that we feel the magnitude of our loss, but that we accede to it. He must make us bitterly regret and at the same time approve what happens. If he can do this, he will have justified to us the ways of God, for he will have proved on our pulses, first, that a tremendous disaster occurred, and, second, that we have nothing to reproach God for, for the excellent reason that we do not now feel like reproaching him. (This is not logic, to be sure; but a poet has other resources at his command.) Milton's success in this venture is in large part the success of his portrait of Adam. Adam is a character toward whom we have and are meant to have conflicting, even contradictory feelings—feelings of exactly the sort we are meant to have toward the Fall itself.

For the Fall is Adam's Fall. The seduction of Eve is just the beginning, and she has the possible excuse or plea in mitigation of having been blinded by Satan's rhetoric. The quality of Adam's act is different. He

scrupl'd not to eat
Against his better knowledge, not deceiv'd,

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But fondly overcome with Female charm.
Earth trembl'd from her entrails, as again
In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan,
Sky low'r'd, and muttering Thunder, some sad drops
Wept at completing of the mortal Sin
Original. . . . (IX, ll. 997-1004)

In short, until Adam eats the fruit, the Fall has not occurred, or is incomplete and theoretically reversible. Eve might have had to die, but another Eve could perhaps have been created. (Both Adam and Eve, at any rate, entertain such a notion for a moment.) On Adam, then, most of the blame must rest. We are meant to blame him, of course, and blame him severely. Through him we have lost that Eden of whose reality and worth Milton has made us feelingly aware. And yet, in the situation as Milton presents it to us, what else would we have Adam do? Adam falls because he loves his wife—because he puts a high value on those very Edenic possibilities he is about to lose. We have been well prepared for this eventuality. His marriage, he tells Raphael in Book VIII, is "the sum of human bliss." Of Eve he says,

so absolute she seems
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best;
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded. . . . (ll. 547-52)

Raphael reproves him, and we are meant to adopt this official view of the matter; nevertheless we cannot help feeling that Eve deserves the compliment Adam has paid her. Our minds are divided, as they are in Book IX when just before his fatal act Adam says,

I with thee have fixt my Lot,
Certain to undergo like doom; if Death
Consort with thee, Death is to mee as Life;
So forcible within my heart I feel
The Bond of Nature draw me to my own,
My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;
Our State cannot be sever'd, we are one,
One Flesh; to lose thee were to lose myself.
(ll. 952-9)

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These are extraordinarily artful lines. In them Adam stands self-condemned. "Death is to me as Life," he says, and our minds leap back to Satan's words, "Evil be thou my good." He values what he calls his own too highly, forgetting that both he and she belong to God, to whom rather than to Eve and himself that Bond of Nature should be drawing him. Adam is wrong. He could not be more wrong. But fully though we recognize that, we still feel that he is right. We agree with Eve, although we know she is deep in error, when she exclaims, "O glorious trial of exceeding Love,/ Illustrious evidence, example high! . . . This happy trial of thy Love, which else/ So eminently never had been known." (IX, ll. 961-76) It has been a trial of love in a sense other than Eve intends—a trial of man's love of God—and there has been nothing happy about it. But in her own terms—and they are our terms too—it *is* glorious, illustrious, high, happy. To put the matter in the admirably plain words of Professor A. J. A. Waldock, the poem "requires us, not tentatively, not half-heartedly (for there is no place really for half-heartedness here) but with the full weight of our minds to believe that Adam did right, and simultaneously requires us with the full weight of our minds to believe that he did wrong. The dilemma is as critical as that, and there is no way of escape."

And I would add, there is no reason to seek a way of escape. These incompatible states of mind the poem at this juncture provokes in us are at the service of Milton's meaning. It is terrible that Adam fell; but he fell for reasons that we can understand and even endorse, for in part of our minds we would have him act in no other way. Milton has compelled us to assent to Adam's crime. Hence we have nothing to complain of, for we are implicated in the primal disaster. However illogically, the ways of God have been justified to men.

And Milton has done one other thing in presenting the Fall to us in just this way. There is a suggestion here that our implication in Adam's sin is not entirely a matter for self-reproach. Adam falls because of love. It is not the highest kind of love, the love of God, and therein lies the fault. But it is still love. Could we admire Adam more if, feeling about Eve as he does, he were not willing to share her fate? We ought to, I suppose, but surely we would not.

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I think Milton intends, with typical doubleness of mind, that we should understand that Adam's act, however disastrous, does him honor. It is a great compliment to Adam, and to us whom he represents, that we are made to feel his hideous sin to be in one of its aspects a noble act of self-sacrifice. And consequently our implication in his crime is of a very queer sort. It is not only because we are no better than Adam that we share his guilt, but because, if we are really men, we are no worse. If in the Fall is implied all the evil man is capable of, a great deal of the good is implied too.

"So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace," says God to Michael as he commissions the archangel to dismiss the pair from Paradise. We are meant to share this mood of acceptance God wishes to induce in them. And we are meant to share it for a morally interesting reason. The proper response to the fact of one's sinfulness—original or personal—is not after all utter self-contempt. Despair, as several passages in the poem announce, is a Satanic frame of mind, and hence itself a sin. Milton wishes us to come to terms with our fallen selves. It is very proper that our last sight of the blessed pair should recall our first. Then it was, we remember, that

> hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair
> That ever since in love's imbraces met,
> Adam the goodliest man of men since born
> His Sons, the fairest of her Daughters Eve.
> (IV, ll. 321-4)

Now, as they move out of the world of eternity and innocence into experience and time,

> Some natural tears they dropp'd, but wip'd them soon;
> The World was all before them, where to choose
> Thir place of rest, and Providence thir guide:
> They hand in hand with wand'ring steps and slow,
> Through Eden took thir solitary way.
> (XII, ll. 645-9)

"In mee is no delay," Eve has just said, in words that remind us of the faithful, exiled Ruth:

> with thee to go
> Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,

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> Is to go hence unwilling; thou to mee
> Art all things under Heav'n, all places thou. . . .
> (XII, ll. 615-8)

Much has changed. Much has been lost. But not everything.

A last word. I have been making very large claims for *Paradise Lost,* to the purpose of pointing out reasons why the poem is still valuable to us. I suggested at the beginning that Milton pays us the austere but invigorating compliment of asserting that our acts and hence ourselves have the largest kind of importance, for good or evil. Perhaps no other of his notions is more foreign to many of us. But it is a notion that has had, obviously enough, a long history in the world; and it is one which it is good to have some intimate knowledge of. If it were only for the sake of such knowledge *Paradise Lost* would be valuable: a virtue of the poem is that it provides one of the most intense of the few occasions that remain for experiencing the sentiment of Belief, with all its terrors and benefits. But there is more to the poem than this. I said that, like the *Aeneid,* it attempts to construct a past that will in some fashion explain the present, and that that past is personal as well as racial. Each of us is Adam; each of us has fallen, losing that full power of love and joy that Milton insists Adam lost. And none of us must despair. "Greatly instructed I shall hence depart,/ Greatly in peace of thought," says Adam at the end; and greatly instructed, greatly in peace of thought, we depart from the poem.

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The Abominable Topic

JOHN ROSSELLI

IN ENGLAND TODAY "the abominable topic" is the schooling of English children. As a public matter, education is gradually building up into the biggest domestic political issue. As the private worry of millions of parents, it is already the biggest social bore and fascinator combined.

This is true above all in the group that most acutely feels the squeeze as social change moves faster—young parents of the middle and professional class. Bring together at a suburban dinner party a university lecturer, a sales manager, a newspaperman, an engineer, and their wives and it will not be much more than twenty minutes before someone has uttered the fatal word "schools"; then the conversation goes bowling along the unavoidable old rut. "Oh no, let's not talk about *that* again," somebody may cry out at the start, but it is no use; the guests are well away, arguing, grousing, swapping tips, their passionate interest as obvious as the deep anxieties that feed it.

In a deeper sense, the topic is abominable because, in a country caught as England is in mid-transformation from a hierarchical to a democratic society, far too many parents fret half their lives away trying to decide how best they should engineer a desirable future for their children; or else, having made their decision, they devote so large a slice of their income to carrying it through that they cripple their own lives and even, in some degree, those of the children for whose sake they are sacrificing themselves.

England's uniquely stratified school system is well enough known the world over in rough outline—the sharp division be-

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tween "public" schools (which anyone else would call private) and state schools, and the further split within the state schools between those intended to bring forward an intellectual elite and those meant for the humbler bulk of the population. What is less often realized is that, thanks to the English love of organic growth (which irreverent onlookers might call the English mania for keeping things complicated), the system has reached a pitch of elaboration apt to keep a questing parent busy just finding his way around the many fine gradations in types of schools. At the same time, thanks to the uncertainties that attend a slow social revolution like England's, the system has become, since the Second World War, a sort of gigantic gymnasium for exercising the English obsession with class (often all the sharper for being less solidly based); some of the vaulting-horses and parallel bars seem little removed at times from instruments of torture.

Change, however, is beginning to gather speed. There are signs that a decisive break with the past—decisive anyhow by modern English standards—may not be far off.

Several highly significant utterances have come in the past two years from two successive Ministers of Education, Sir David Eccles (now Lord Eccles) and the present Minister, Sir Edward Boyle. These two men are very different both in character and in background; Lord Eccles, who represents the City of London financier strand in the Conservative Party, used to be caricatured as a "smartyboots" or city slicker, whereas Sir Edward Boyle, a dishevelled teddy-bearish figure, is an Anglo-Catholic intellectual. Both, however, have said the same thing: it is time that, in the schools at least, the middle class merged with the rest of the nation.

Lord Eccles, when he was Minister, twice went out of his way to urge the middle class—from which the Conservatives draw so much of their support—to send their children to state primary schools. Britain, he argued, would thus "gain an important social advantage": by educating all her children together, at least up to the threshold of adolescence, she would become in truth what Conservatives, like Prime Minister Macmillan, maintained she already was, "one nation." Since Sir Edward Boyle became Minister of Education he has gone one better and declared that he would

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send his own children to state schools—a slightly academic point, it is true, for Sir Edward is a bachelor. These Ministerial urgings have left some Conservatives bewildered. Yet observation at the suburban grass roots suggests that, as often happens, what people do about a problem has outrun the terms in which they discuss it, and that a good many professional and middle-class parents have anticipated the Ministers' advice. Not only are they sending their children to state schools; they are beginning to demand that the state system should provide value for taxpayers' money.

Until recently the English school system might have been thought bad, but it was at least fairly clear-cut. It divided the population from an early age between The Nobs and The Rest. If you were a Nob parent—roughly definable as a person with a "standard English" accent or aspiring to one—your children went into the Nob system whether you liked it or not; if you wanted them to have a good chance of going to a university or succeeding in business there seemed to be nowhere else for them to go.

The structure of the Nob system is largely unchanged. It consists of "public" schools taking children from thirteen to eighteen (the best two hundred of these schools are grouped together in the Headmasters' Conference) and of "preparatory" schools that feed them by training up children from eight to thirteen. The state system, however, has changed a good deal since the 1944 Education Act that consolidated it by bringing together many old "board" schools, which had provided a modest education for working-class children, as well as some old semi-independent schools—often religious or charitable foundations that had somehow failed to imitate Eton, Winchester and the rest in switching from poor to rich pupils.

The chief legacy of the 1944 Act, as parents experience it, is the selection of children at "eleven plus" to enter one of three distinct types of secondary school. The first is the grammar school; it is supposed to be for the child who responds to academic methods of teaching and who might be going on to a university. The second type, the secondary modern school, is supposed to cater to pupils who are not academically minded but who may be gifted in other ways. The third type, the technical school, is just what its

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name suggests. The theory was that all these schools would enjoy "parity of esteem": parents would not mind which type of secondary school their children qualified for, because the education provided by each type would in its way be just as good as that provided by the others.

This belief, however, was swiftly shattered. The English, with their bent for turning any human activity into a game of class snakes-and-ladders, fastened on the grammar school as the obvious social ladder; by universal although unofficial practice a child is said to have "failed the eleven plus" if he is not chosen for a grammar school place. The secondary modern school, socially branded as a dumping ground for failures, has too often been a poor school by any reckoning; the secondary modern teacher who told Martin Mayer, within earshot of a class, that such schools were all right for our future "hewers of wood and drawers of water" was unfortunately not quite so lunatic an exception as one would like to think.

Just to complete the anxious parent's bewilderment, the system has been partly redeemed but also greatly complicated by the ways in which some local government bodies have tried to get around its defects while others nearby have done little or nothing. Some have found ways of doing away with the profoundly unpopular "eleven plus" examination, but most have not. Some have introduced "grammar streams" into their secondary moderns to catch late developers and other victims of the "eleven plus." Some, like the London County Council, have built "comprehensive" schools (where every type of secondary education is carried on under one roof although in different "streams"); but this, although no more than the normal type of school in most civilized countries, is still regarded in many places as a perilously experimental plant.

One result of all this local diversity, which the English have upheld even though over half the money for schools comes out of national taxation, is that parents may find the very schools they want, but just over the county border where their children are not entitled to go, while their own county insists on the kind of schools they do not want. In areas where solid citizens until lately took little interest in state schools (a rough working rule is that

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the richer the district the worse the schools) parents may also find the situation that met me when I had a talk a couple of years ago with an official of my own local education authority. This kindly and courteous gentleman, when he discussed with me the state schools which he helped to run and to which my children might go, was wearing an old public school tie; he told me that he was a former public school master, and that his own child was at a public school. With the best possible intentions, he made it clear that he could not imagine a parent failing, if he could afford it, to send his children to independent schools. A discouraging experience.

Until a short time ago this official's attitude was shared by the great majority of professional and upper middle-class parents. It is still shared by the tough confident core of the bowler-hatted middle class—the sales managers and stockbrokers, joined now by increasing numbers of people who have done well in new and expanding businesses. Thanks to them, the public schools at least (those taking children from the age of thirteen) have never been in such demand as now that everyone complains of their ruinously high fees. These stand at just under £500 ($1,400) a year for one boarder at one of the best schools; if you throw in almost half as much again for fares, clothes and extras you have a sum equivalent to the national average wage for men. Yet people manage this, not just for one child but for two, three or four.

The best public schools have no trouble in filling their classes. Children are put down for them (or for the preparatory schools that feed them) almost at birth. For the famous London day schools competition is such that entrance is far from certain. The headmaster of one such school told me: "You should see some of the parents. Mothers have wept buckets on this carpet begging me to let their children in. And not only are little boys crammed for our entrance examination—often they're primed with what parents think will be suitable hobbies to mention at the interview. They're told, for instance, that sailing is a good thing to be interested in. And then at the interview a cruel master asks 'Oh yes, and do you use a jib or a spinnaker?'—and the unfortunate child is shown up. . . ."

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How do parents who are not millionaires manage all this? And why? The "how" is a mixture of foresight and fanatical saving. The last time I entered a child's birth in the *Times* announcements column I received in the mail fourteen prospectuses for educational insurance—pay premiums now and receive money toward school fees in thirteen years' time. A recent advertisement for one of these schemes showed the emotional pressure they are able to tap. A mother was seen meeting her boy, just off the train from boarding school. "See you next term!" he was calling cheerily to a schoolmate; but—the wretched mother's thoughts ran—how dare she tell her son that he would not in fact be going back next term, since money had run short and she had improvidently failed to take out educational insurance? You were left with the impression that the son's life would be permanently blighted. The other main device is simply the belt tightened one more notch—or, more literally, the father's old jacket forever patched and repatched at the elbows to keep his son in the right sort of school uniform.

Sacrifice of this kind can bring out in those who practice it a curious mixture of self-pity and self-congratulation. The last sustained correspondence on the subject in the *Times* brought out this letter from Mr. J. A. Price, a resident of a Manchester commuters' suburb: "Large numbers of by no means opulent parents . . . plan from their son's birth how, by stringent economies and self-denial, they can save enough to pay the fees when the time comes. Not for them the Continental holidays and other luxuries that some grammar school parents consider almost a necessity. . . . One can see plenty of Rolls-Royces at speech day it is true, but there are also the shabby bone-shakers to be found, and there are even some parents who are kept away on account of the inflated hotel bills."

Dr. Mary Hall, of Warwickshire, claimed that by deciding to spend "the modest salary of a senior professional man" on educating four sons at public school she and her husband had earned the name of snobs, whereas if they had preferred to spend "our hard-earned money on a yacht or on horses," or had "been lucky in speculation," or "made a collection of paintings," or "traveled widely," they would have been unreservedly admired. Yet another

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mother wrote that she and her husband "are in the same position as Dr Mary Hall and cannot afford the quite ordinary things other people take for granted" (she did not specify a yacht or horses).

In other parents, who do not necessarily write to the papers, sacrifice reaches such a pitch—no car, hardly any new clothes or books or entertainment—that *Homo sapiens* comes to look like one of those insects whose sole function is to reproduce its kind in the appropriate image and then lie down and die, leaving its offspring, presumably, fully equipped to do the same thing all over again.

For some instinctive businessmen Tories there is still no choice —it is public school or unimaginable disaster. Very many parents, however, feel anxiously trapped. They face a form of blackmail and a form of temptation. The blackmail springs not from anyone's ill will but from the general muddle of the system. This tells them, in effect, "if your children turn out to be bright they *may* get into a good state secondary school—but if you let them start in the state system you may find by the time they are eleven that they can't make it and then it will be too late; the prospect before them will be some overcrowded backward secondary modern. So you'd better shove them into the Nob system from the start by paying for them to go to a (private) preparatory school." The public schools reinforce this blackmail, first by choosing entrants at thirteen instead of the state system's eleven, and then by setting language requirements that the state primary schools do not meet. Public school headmasters keep deploring these Berlin walls in the way of interchange between the two systems, but so far they have not done much to knock them down.

The temptation, for those parents who like to think themselves liberal-minded, has been to choose the Nob system in the belief that they were acting from none but educational motives. A well-known columnist, Anne Scott-James, wrote in 1961: "Most middle class parents aim at public schools . . . for honest educational reasons, *not* to get in with the polo crowd and the yachting set [odd how yachting keeps creeping in]. Spread the top teachers over *all* schools by offering them top conditions and the queues for the public schools will melt away." This, in a country as elabo-

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rately and self-consciously class-ridden as England, is not the whole truth. The best public schools, with their small classes and (often) good teachers, do give a good education; they are now less strenuous and snobbish in their social attitudes than they were in the heyday of empire. But if you argue with parents who incline to the Nob system (even, in my experience, with a liberal-minded university head), you find, when they finally place their ace, that it comes out like this: "Would you be prepared to see your child become a manual worker?"

If what the questioners had in mind was the criticism of modern industrial life put forward by Simone Weil—the degradation of the soul by mass production techniques—then it would be difficult to answer them. But as a rule the question clearly means: "Would you let your child forfeit the chance of acquiring the right accent, the right acquaintances, and eventually, thanks to accent, acquaintances and general accomplishment, the right salary and the right cleanhanded job?" The temptation, in fact, is to buy class status under cover of education.

Until a very few years ago the blackmail and the temptation were almost irresistible for any parents who could conceivably afford to yield to them—among them Labour members of Parliament who denounced privilege yet continued to send their children to privileged schools. When Lord Eccles urged all parents to send their children to the state primary schools, the Headmaster of Winchester, Sir Desmond Lee, commented that "there is a lot of sense in [it], but parents can't be expected to sacrifice their children for a long-term principle." Now, however, the public debate is beginning to see the breakdown of the assumption that middle-class parents always send their children to Nob schools if they can. The tone is changing: by May, 1963, Miss Scott-James—a perceptive journalist—was writing: "I would like the public schools to be, not abolished, but merged in the general system. If we could only keep their high scholastic standards, but lose their unbearable arrogant attitude." Even so there are signs that—as often happens in England—the public debate is lagging behind the times and the private reality has already spurted ahead.

From personal knowledge and observation I can say that many

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young professional parents between twenty-five and thirty-five—architects, journalists, civil servants, scientists—are quietly sending their children to state schools. A high official of the Ministry of Education confirms that this trend, although statistically slight, is perceptible; it is borne out by the figures of attendances at "preparatory" (eight to thirteen) schools, which have remained stationary over the past few years while the total school population has been slowly rising. Wider evidence comes from the mushroom growth since 1960 of local groups clumsily called Associations for the Advancement of State Education. The first of these began in Cambridge; there are now fifty-five branches in many other towns and a national committee has been formed. Members come together to collect information but also to bring pressure on politicians and officials; so far they are largely middle-class.

A public meeting called by one of the London suburban groups was revealing for three things: those present were nearly all deeply troubled and dissatisfied; many were interested in comprehensive schools and other ways of breaking down the status barrier; and the heartiest applause went to a meek-looking man who declared that what education needed was a lot more of every taxpayer's money—fast. The growth of a pressure group of this kind is a sign that the public had begun to carry out Lord Eccles' and Sir Edward Boyle's "one nation" prescription even before they advanced it.

Why? For many professional parents the reason is simply that the public schools have become too expensive; not even one more set of elbow patches will do the trick. In twelve years of Conservative rule the middle classes have become a good deal richer, but the tax system has enriched businessmen (who have been able to make largely untaxed capital gains) much faster than it has people living on salaries and fees. Then, too, the state schools have improved a good deal, although the improvement is patchy and classes are still overcrowded. More elusively, the last few years have seen the beginnings of a revolt against the whole notion of Britain as a country run by a tight elite—whether chosen by birth or wealth or education; the books, plays and films that have bitten deep into the public mind are full of it.

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The most alert of the public schools have seen the red light. They have noted the rising feeling against them in the Labour Party; this came to a head when the party conference promised to hand over the public schools to a national "educational trust." (How this would work is far from clear; but, as already happens in the universities, entry would be on merit—it could not be bought.) As an alternative, the retiring Headmaster of Eton, Dr. Robert Birley, campaigned for the public schools to have some of their pupils paid for by the local government bodies. This is an old wartime idea that will almost certainly not be carried out; for some people it is too expensive, for others too much like dressing up privilege. The Government, for its part, considers that the Nob system and the state system can perfectly well exist side by side. The state system, it asserts with a good deal of justification, is getting better all the time, so all that is needed is easier interchange.

What will happen next is still unclear. Any one of these three solutions could lend itself to the perpetuation of a tight elite if the English are determined to have one. Yet other signs—like the ever greater pressure to get into the universities—suggest that the old hierarchical mold is at length being broken. The chances are that within the next decade the best of the public schools will in some way become integrated into the state system, and that the state schools themselves will undergo fresh upheavals in the attempt to meet the growing demand for equality of opportunity.

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Child Drawing
(*after Dubuffet*)

John Stewart Carter

I will draw a dog, said the child,
and his crayon crayoned inchoate circle
of orange round head, green cat-ears
and brown-pillow body,
but he could not stop his dog from breath
nor wagging of his tail even in his mind,
so he laughed and rooted him to the ground
with purple-stick legs and bird-claw feet,
and he coated the purple-stick legs
with tiny-bubbled spittle
from tumid tip of twisted tongue,
and waxy crayon burst in nose
to many colored smell
with brown of tasted paper swirled.

His tongue now clamped between his teeth,
he filled his circles in, but he could not stop
his dog from breath as his hand moved
beyond the limits of his traces,
though his arm was stiff with trying
and his fingers cramped in agony of nerve,
for he sought form where no form was
nor ever would be.

Then he drew grass and one tree,
but the tree grew and the grass grew
and there was no use in trying

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for they would not stop their growing
and slipped beyond his crayon
and the agony of nerve to grow
with greening smear above the bird-claw feet
and purple-stick legs where still
bright spittle clung.

So he drew a great black sun
which would never set nor grow
and left savage hunks of crayon
to gob black sun which did not breathe,
and he saw the terror which his black sun,
his gobbed sun, struck in the body
of his brown dog, and he heard
the grass cry in thin wail of pain
because it had to grow
and the roots of his tree yelled
so that scribbled leaves shook in shriek,
and all the while within his ears
there throbbed the leaden beat and blow
of dark unuttered sob.

He closed his eyes in clutch of dread
and clapped his hands over his ears
so he could not see nor hear the havoc,
but circles grew inside his eyes
to burst and re-form in colorless-color,
and however stopped his ears
he heard the rattle of purple-stick legs
sough in fleshed murmur of reproach.

Through slit of crafty eye he peered
to blur the havoc of his sun,
enormous sun with broken bits

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of savage crayon clinging,
and with stealthy tongue, meticulous and cruel,
he bent to pick with lick the biggest;
from folded tip of tongue he pressed it
to tip of rigid little-finger.
He dared not look, but he could feel
its black blackness burn the finger's tip
so pain shot through his elbow
and spread to cleave him sore with ecstasy.

Slowly, oh so slowly, slowly—
pain-hard that arm in flex—
he moved his moistened finger
with its black seed,
its black and burning seed
of glistening wax
to tasted paper
to trace
faintest line
from blackest sun
to breath of dog.

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Portrait

Grenville Clark: Public Citizen

IRVING DILLIARD

If you are driving up from Boston you come first to Peterborough where the MacDowells started their colony for musicians, artists and writers deep in the New Hampshire hills nearly sixty years ago. Since you phoned ahead and are almost due at Outlet Farm, you will follow right along west through Dublin, one of the highest towns in New England, where a library was begun in 1793, where gold was discovered in 1875 and where Theodore Parker, Lord Bryce, Albert Bushnell Hart, the American Winston Churchill and Amy Lowell enjoyed many a summer holiday. Going out of Dublin toward Marlboro, you will want to watch for the turnoff because it drops down suddenly to the left into the trees. This narrow road winds a bit through the timber and then you are on the shore of Dublin Lake with the worn crown of old Monadnock three miles due south.

A tall, rugged man bearing a long walking stick stands at the edge of the road to make certain that you are alert to the next and last turn. It is a scented summer evening that he waits in, but you can dress him warmly in your mind's eye and see him in two feet of sub-zero snow. Or you can set him in the first green of spring in the forests, frost still coming from the ground and the early bluebirds overhead. Or in October when the emerald lake reflects a border of autumnal yellow and scarlet and burgundy.

The wayside receptionist points his stick in the direction of a lane, again to the left, that rises away from the lakeshore. For good measure, his squarish, jutting chin also indicates the way. Seconds later you are at the dooryard of Outlet Farm. Grenville Clark, eighty-plus, who greeted you at the gate, follows up afoot. His good wife, Fanny Dwight Clark, steps out from her flowers before the rambling frame and red brick house. There is a garden trowel in her hand; she has been improving the July twilight.

Any of a score of missions may have brought you to Outlet Farm—close by is the opening in the lake that starts a rocky stream from which the farm long ago took its name. But you are quickly made at home whether the purpose at hand is world peace through world law or an adequate defense machinery in time of national emergency or legal representation for Negro defendants arrested in demonstrations for equal rights, or the precarious state of our historic liberties in the hands of heedless legislators and administrators and far too many judges or the effects of the population explosion on international affairs or a grievous trespass on academic freedom that needs immediate attention. People with ideas are welcome at Outlet Farm, and people who work to make constructive ideas effective are most welcome of all.

Almost in less time than it takes to tell it you are comfortably settled in the low-ceilinged house, amid its books old and

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new, its current magazines, its pictures and signed photographs and art treasures from around the globe. For Fanny Dwight's family included sailors from Salem whose square-riggers plied the seven seas and brought back vases and china and lacquers from the Orient. Her grandmother gave Outlet Farm to her mother for a summer place some eighty years ago and it has been the year-round home of the Grenville Clarks for the past twenty years. In fact, they have lived there ever since he retired from his lucrative partnership in one of the most celebrated of New York law firms to devote himself to the things he considered important and urgent in his time. Not the whole world fortunately, but a large part of the world that counts has beat a path to their New Hampshire door.

Is there any private citizen in the United States who has never held public office of any kind who has been more beneficially influential in significant ways in American government and life than the broad-shouldered man who looks at you from under bushy gray brows with friendly eyes that light up a sunbrowned face? If so, his name does not come to mind. Grenville Clark is Public Citizen Clark. The descriptive words become as honored a title as Senator or Governor or Justice or President might but not necessarily would be. It all depends on the man and Grenville Clark is so rare a man among our 190,000,000 people.

An episode in his college days—in June 1901—foretold how "Grenny" Clark would operate through the long and crowded years ahead. As a Harvard undergraduate, he had an invitation to visit at the home of Vice President Theodore Roosevelt on Long Island. Even then pushed for time to get everything done, he elected the midnight train from Boston to New York and took a late trolley car from Harvard Square to Boston with a small margin of time to catch the train. As the car neared the Boston end of Harvard Bridge across the Charles, its progress was stopped by a traffic jam caused by a woman's leap from the bridge in a suicide attempt. When the motorman stopped his vehicle, the Harvard student *en route* to see the man who soon would be President of the United States, ran to the scene and jumped into the dark waters. He reached the woman, hauled her to safety and raced back to the trolley car. When the midnight train pulled out of the station, Grenville Clark was narrowly aboard.

Nearly sixty years later he paused in his crusade to engage the lawyers of the world in an international program for peace in order to assist white-haired Dr. Willard Uphaus in the religious leader's final effort for release from jail where he had been imprisoned on a contempt citation. Grenville Clark was enough of an individualist himself to be deeply concerned about the plight of a seventy-year-old peace advocate whose chief sin seemed to be that he would "not bear false witness against his neighbor." Through life Clark has had his long-range projects but he has always been able to interrupt them briefly to cope with the emergency of the hour.

But the story of Grenville Clark begins a lot farther back than that nocturnal rescue on the way to Sagamore Hill. It begins before his birth to banker Louis Crawford Clark and Marian de Forest (Cannon) Clark, on November 5, 1882, at 311 Fifth Avenue, Manhattan. On his mother's side he had a remarkable grandfather, LeGrand Bouton Cannon, a colonel in the Union Army, an early backer of the Republican party and a sky-high protectionist. Grandfather Cannon knew Lincoln. His memoirs, *Personal Reminiscences of the Rebellion: 1861-1866,* written and privately printed for the family in his eightieth year—he lived to be ninety-one—tell of his meetings with the Civil War President at Fort Monroe.

When "Grenny" Clark was about twelve his stocky, possessive, strongly opinionated grandsire took him to look up the neglected grave of John Brown at North Elba, New York. A self-made railroad builder of large means and spacious living, LeGrand Cannon arranged for the transfer of the famous abolitionist's burial place to the State of New York for preservation as hallowed ground. He knew Daniel Webster well enough to call him a friend. And he

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preached self-reliance with fervor to his grandson who remembered the lessons. When Grandfather Cannon died, it developed that he had thought enough of his grandson, then barely of age, to make him an executor of his will.

Colonel Cannon's Harvard-educated son-in-law, Louis Crawford Clark, was a New Englander whose father had gone West to St. Louis from Northampton, Massachusetts about 1835 and returned to found the firm of Clark, Dodge and Company in New York in 1845. His life of business and pleasure included frequent excursions to the summer home at Burlington, Vermont. His son, Grenville, made the most of such a scheme of things and in a sense overcame the wealth and the advantages that it made possible. As a boy he had to begin to make his own way. From Pomfret School, where he ran the gamut of the sports, he entered Harvard at sixteen. That made him a year or so younger than most of his associates. The elm-shaded yard was the center of intellectual ferment in those days of Charles William Eliot, William James, Barrett Wendell, George Herbert Palmer, Abbott Lawrence Lowell and LeBaron Russell Briggs.

The Harvard ferment touched undergraduate Clark who began to see that the political orthodoxy of post-Reconstruction Republicanism did not encompass the whole of defensible thought and action. This realization broadened when, after graduating from the college with Phi Beta Kappa honors in 1903, he went on to the Harvard Law School. Felix Frankfurter undoubtedly became most widely known among the one hundred and ninety-six graduates in the law class of 1906. But Monte M. Lemann of New Orleans also stood out and so of course does Grenville Clark. A list of others in the class who distinguished themselves in the law or public service or education would include Elihu Root, Jr., Richard Washburn Child, Stanley King, Robert J. Bulkley and Francis William Bird.

For a little more than two years young Clark practiced with an established New York City firm. Then on January 1, 1909, he and classmates Root and Bird opened a partnership that grew to be one of the most outstanding of New York law offices. It received notable additions in personnel over the decades but its course and reputation were set in the early years. From the outset Grenville Clark did his own research on cases and the pertinent law and precedents. When he went into the courtroom it was seldom that anyone else knew anywhere near as much that was applicable to the case at hand. If preparation was a forte so was cross-examination. There was much to the grim remark of an opposing counsel: "He prepares like a scientist and hangs on like a leech."

The year 1909 was notable in another way. With the law partnership well begun, Grenville Clark's next step was to take the hand of Fanny Dwight in marriage. A Beacon Street Bostonian who danced as well as she skated, she came of the intensely New England Dwight and Silsbee families whose antecedents all were English. Her first Dwight ancestor, John, came from the Barbados about 1630 to Dedham, Massachusetts. The town records list him among twenty-five original proprietors of the new town who were present at the January 1, 1645, meeting to vote for what the town records described as "our first Free Public School . . . to be supported by general taxation." The Dwight family grew so distinguished that the *Encyclopaedia Britannica,* under the heading "Dwight," presents it as "a group of U. S. educators, clergymen, lawyers and authors." In her girlhood, Fanny Dwight played charades with Mark Twain, learned to fly-cast and began a lifelong delight in plant and flower growing and exhibition. Her husband has shared the gardening interest and she has counseled and helped with his many public undertakings. Their two daughters and son grew up in a home where mutuality of concerns characterized daily living.

At Harvard Grenville Clark was impressed by old Dr. Eliot's prompting of university-trained men to engage in public service whether or not they held public office. The young lawyer's first major public service came early. The new law firm was

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not a half dozen years old when Archduke Franz Ferdinand of the Austro-Hungarian Empire was assassinated in Sarajevo. In a few weeks Europe was red with war. Attorney Clark was not long in seeing something that escaped a good many eyes in Washington, namely, that the United States would in all probability be drawn into the conflict. Even more evident to him was the inadequate state of American defenses. Many sincere people felt that preparedness would only lead to war and so opposed Major General Leonard Wood's efforts to provide military training for college students as potential officers.

What Citizen Clark did was to take the lead in organizing the long since historic "Plattsburg Movement." With a few associates he agreed to recruit a hundred volunteers from business and professional ranks for military training at their own expense if the War Department would cooperate by furnishing proper instruction. Strenuous effort and a public rally in New York City produced a first training class of twelve hundred which went to an old Army camp at Plattsburg, New York, in August, 1915. Washington was so impressed at what took place at Plattsburg that in 1916 the War Department set up twelve more "Plattsburg camps." Before the U-boat violations of American lives and shipping forced the United States into the war, close to 20,000 trainees were graduated and potential officer personnel provided for the raw draftees who in 1917 were soon flooding into the Army camps.

But this was only the start of Grenville Clark's World War I service. When President Wilson found it necessary to ask Congress for a declaration of war against the Kaiser's German Empire in April, 1917, the principal founder of Plattsburg suggested to Washington that his group be authorized temporarily to examine and screen officer-training candidates. The offer was immediately accepted, to run until the War Department could set up its own officer procurement machinery. The results were phenomenal. In less than a month Plattsburg supporters, including businessmen, lawyers and physicians over the country, working under Clark's direction, reviewed 150,000 applicants. Of these 40,000 were accepted for training. By September, 1917, a total of 27,341 were commissioned. Had it not been for this crash officer-training program with candidates produced by Grenville Clark and his volunteer associates, it is hard to see how General John J. Pershing's army could have been supplied with indispensable junior officers.

Clark himself went into the Army and was assigned as a major in Washington to follow up on these trailblazing ventures. The manpower needs included not only combat officers but specialists in many areas. Rising to lieutenant colonel in the Adjutant General's Department, he played a leading role in obtaining and training more than 130,000 technicians for war service. Here again he astonished the military professionals whose ideas about mobilization were fitted to slower turning gears.

Between the wars, he became more interested in the workings of peacetime government in the national capital. He had been friends with Franklin D. Roosevelt since the days when both were fledgling attorneys in the same Manhattan law office. F. D. R., after his election in 1932, accepted a proposal by Clark for a comprehensive reduction in Federal spending, after which Citizen Clark fell to and produced the plan that was embodied in the National Economy Act of 1933. By declining appointment to federal office, he was in the clear to organize a national committee of two hundred and fifty lawyers who joined in successful opposition to Roosevelt's bill to enlarge the Supreme Court, then disrespectfully dubbed "the Nine Old Men" after the Court's invalidation of a series of major items in the New Deal legislative program.

Clark had already joined in launching the National Economy League in 1931. In that year he was appointed a Fellow of Harvard College. These and other public and semipublic activities took more and more time from the law practice. At the age of forty-seven, he put down on paper the pros and cons of leaving the partnership and going to Dublin to live, with his family, a life devoted to the jobs that he knew

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needed urgently to be done. The pros may not have won out all at once, but in later years they did indeed carry the day.

The rash of so-called loyalty statutes of the 1930's, calling for, among other things, special oaths for school teachers, awakened Grenville Clark to a new internal danger—the subversion of our historic freedoms under the Bill of Rights by often sincere but misguided superpatriots in legislative bodies, local, state and national. Convinced that lawyers generally and the American Bar Association in particular should be vigilant in the protection of individual liberties, he proposed the creation of a bar committee at the national level to guard the Bill of Rights from trespasses of all kinds. He did this in an address to the Nassau County (N. Y.) Bar Association on June 11, 1938.

Arthur T. Vanderbilt, then president of the American Bar Association, read the account of the address in the New York *Times*. At once he telephoned the speaker and told him that this idea of a bar committee charged with continuous concern about American freedoms and rights had occurred to both of them independently. Vanderbilt, who was soon to leave the American Bar Association presidency, arranged a meeting for himself and Clark with the incoming president, Frank J. Hogan, who agreed to such a committee of fourteen with Clark as its chairman. Clark accepted on the condition that he be allowed to select members who believed with him in the mission of the committee. Clark chose all the members except one, who was recommended by Hogan. That single exception was out of tune with the committee's purposes and opposed its most important early decisions. But, on the whole, it was a remarkably unified committee of outstanding lawyers from over the nation, including, in addition to Clark's classmate, Lemann, such staunch supporters of civil liberty under the Constitution as Douglas Arant, Zechariah Chafee, Jr., George I. Haight, Ross L. Malone, Jr., and Charles P. Taft.

As Chairman, Grenville Clark moved promptly to make the new and in many ways surprising committee an effective force in American life as well as within the bar. Careful plans were laid for the publication of a journal through which the work of the committee and the issues before it could be communicated to the bar and to the public. Named the *Bill of Rights Review*, this excellent publication first appeared in the summer of 1940. Sustained at the outset by a grant from the Carnegie Corporation, it was published by the committee with the chairman as one *pro tem* editor and Joseph Harrison as the other. As its reason for being, the *Bill of Rights Review* said both frankly and perceptively:

> A growing volume of cases in recent years has made it increasingly apparent that a distinct field of law—that of civil rights—is emerging and taking its place along with the older established fields and such newer fields as administrative law, labor law and tax law. . . . The subject often involves heated controversy and is intrinsically of such importance that it requires a wise and balanced treatment on the part of the ablest members of the bar. These can best help maintain the American system of free institutions by being guided by the letter and spirit of the law of civil liberties rather than by their political or economic predilections. . . . Such an approach to this all-important subject would be timely and might well become the organized bar's greatest contribution to the preservation of the "American way."

The *Bill of Rights Review* came out every quarter for several years. In that time it did much to resist the war hysteria against those who held unpopular opinions. If the times made the mission of the committee the harder, so was its opportunity the greater in awakening, at the very least, some members of the legal profession, educators and editors of newspapers and magazines to the increasing assaults on the liberties of the individual citizen. It can only be regretted that this noble undertaking did not continue straight through the years. Nearly a quarter century later the *Review's* files are a collection of many of the finest editorials and articles ever written and published on American freedoms.

Even before it could issue Vol. 1, No. 1 of the *Bill of Rights Review*, the committee

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went into action as Friends of the Court—in two eminent civil liberties cases. First it strongly opposed Mayor Frank Hague in his arbitrary and unconstitutional deportation of Norman Thomas from Jersey City where the Socialist leader was prevented from addressing a public meeting. In the Hague case the committee was resoundingly on the winning side. Then, after a year of study of the compulsory flag salute issue, the committee filed a brief, prepared by Clark and Chafee, in opposition to the claims of the Minersville (Pa.) School District that it could, first, compel children to salute the flag as a condition to staying in school, and, second, that if pupils did not join in the compulsory flag salute the School Board had the authority to suspend them.

Two children in the school, Lillian Gobitis, aged twelve, and her brother, William, aged ten, refused to take part in the daily salute. Their parents taught them that according to their religion (Jehovah's Witnesses) to salute the flag was to "bow down before a graven image." The committee's brief argued that to insist on the flag salute in these circumstances amounted to an unconstitutional infringement of religious liberty. Here the committee in June, 1940, lost 8 to 1—temporarily. The majority opinion written by classmate Frankfurter, then a new Justice, was soon seriously weakened in the 5-to-4 handbills case also arising from the activities of the Jehovah's Witnesses. In less than three years, the 8-to-1 decision in *Minersville School District* v. *Gobitis* was reversed by the Supreme Court in the 6-to-3 decision in *West Virginia State Board of Education* v. *Barnette*. The brief of Clark and Chafee and the Bill of Rights Committee of the American Bar Association had become the law of the land.

Oddly enough it remained for Citizen Clark to perform in World War II a function very much like that which brought him the Distinguished Service Medal in World War I. The conquest of Norway by the Nazis in April, 1940, told him that the United States would in all probability be drawn into the hostilities however much we might wish to avoid involvement. And so, when the Plattsburg alumni met on May 8, 1940, he proposed that the United States begin to organize and train its manpower through a national Selective Service Act.

But the Secretary of War, Harry H. Woodring, was opposed to conscription when the United States itself was not at war. Clark's solution to this first aspect of the problem was to work for a change at the Cabinet level. He laid his plans carefully and dealt quietly with men influential in Washington. When his movements were completed, President Roosevelt had, on June 20, 1940, replaced Woodring with the eminent Republican, Henry L. Stimson, who had served as Secretary of War under President Taft and as Secretary of State under President Hoover. One of the conditions that Stimson had set as a basis for acceptance of the secretaryship (at the same time Republican Frank Knox became Secretary of the Navy) was that he have a free hand to work for Selective Service. As in World War I, Clark took the cause to the public. He set up a program to inform the country as to the need for a draft of manpower by Congress. Then he largely wrote the Selective Service Act which, after amendment, passed the Senate, 2 to 1, and became law in September, 1940. In 1941 he answered Stimson's call for help, went to Washington and was in the War Secretary's office to write the declaration of war against Japan after the dastardly attack on Pearl Harbor. Citizen Clark had done it again.

Yet he would probably say that vital though survival is, nothing he did in the two World Wars is as important as his efforts for world peace. He began to turn over thoughts about limited world government as long ago as the 1920's. In 1939, spurred by the precarious state of global affairs, he wrote out his developing ideas in *A Federation of Free Peoples*. With the second World War substantially won by July, 1944, Clark quit Washington and went back to Dublin to work on winning the peace. Secretary Stimson encouraged him to raise his sights so as to devise a world constitution for the postwar era. The result was that he produced an outline for a world government to maintain peace which the *Indiana Law Review* published that same year with

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the significant title, "A New World Order —The American Lawyer's Role." In October, 1945, he assembled the meeting known as the Dublin Conference. At Clark's inspiration and with Supreme Court Justice Owen J. Roberts as chairman, a group of forty distinguished citizens met in sight of old Monadnock to think together about the means for preventing the holocaust that could destroy civilization. Out of their deliberations came the Dublin Declaration looking to the formation of a world federal government.

The essence of the Clark position on world peace is that as long as the nuclear arms race continues, the world lives with a loaded gun at its head. This, he submits, is not only dangerous to the point of foolhardiness but intolerable. And so he is for world law, legislated by a world body and enforced by a world administration, with a world police force to keep international order. Any disputes would be adjudicated or mediated by world courts and related tribunals. This comprehensive peace-keeping machinery would be supported by an adequate world revenue system.

The United Nations is good so far as it goes, but as is evident from the Clark plan, it does not go far enough. And so Citizen Clark undertook to work out a detailed revision of the United Nations Charter with a view to provoking "the worldwide discussions which must precede the adoption of universal and complete disarmament and the establishment of truly effective institutions for the prevention of war."

In the formulation of his plan's many details, he enlisted the help of Professor Louis B. Sohn of the Harvard University Law School, whose field is international law. Their book, *World Peace through World Law,* was published by the Harvard University Press in March, 1958. The first edition was soon exhausted and a revised edition came out in 1960. It has been translated in whole or in part into at least a dozen languages, among them Chinese and Russian, and serves as a basis for genuine world peace and disarmament talks wherever they are held. Then in order to propose an alternative method he and Professor Sohn published in 1962 a draft treaty "establishing a World Disarmament and World Development Organization within the framework of the United Nations." The purpose was to create a compact but inclusive treaty text on which statesmen might start to work in any sincere effort at drawing the teeth of war.

In recent months Grenville Clark has been studying the probable effect of disarmament on the world's population problem. One of the fruits in this area was a provocative article which he contributed in February, 1963, to a series in the *Saturday Review.* His encouraging expectations can be told from these hopeful words: "The release, through complete disarmament, of vast resources to raise living standards in the 'have-not' areas of the world could bring about effective population control within a few decades." Those who strive for peace and those who strive for population control should, he wrote, "strike hands in a united effort for the preservation and welfare of mankind."

How do fellow lawyers appraise the career of Grenville Clark? Judging by the widely circulated exchange of letters in 1949 on the issue of "Freedom at Harvard" between him, as a Harvard Fellow, and Harvard law graduate Frank B. Ober of Baltimore, there are those who find fault with parts of it—to say the least. But then there are countless others who regard the patient, far-seeing man with the square, strong jaw as among the glories not only of their profession but of all America.

On presenting Grenville Clark with the American Bar Association's highest award, its gold medal for "conspicuous service to the cause of American jurisprudence," President Ross Malone spoke for many lawyers, on August 27, 1959, at Miami Beach, when he said, quoting the citation:

> Through his dedication to the discharge of the public responsibility of the Bar during a long and distinguished professional career, he has rallied many others to that noble concept. He has helped keep freedom's flag flying, and by his example has ever reminded his fellow lawyers of their duty to uphold liberty and to expand support for the Rule of Law.

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Yet more than gold medals and citations he must cherish the words of Secretary Stimson from a handwritten letter sent after World War II:

> You certainly should record your work. At almost every critical period in our history which I can remember, it was your sagacity which diagnosed and pushed forward the best remedy, and you have not had a quarter of the recognition for it which you should have had.

Among those in high place who have commended Grenville Clark's work is President Kennedy. Praising him as a man alert, in both war and peace, to vital needs, the President has well said that "his example is one for which we can all be grateful."

But let Grenville Clark speak for himself. His words come to us from the spotlighted rostrum of the bar convention where he has received the gold medal, from the study in the Harvard law library where he is hard at work, from the old farmhouse on the mountain slope in New Hampshire where he takes comfort from the serenity of the lake that greeted the pioneers two centuries ago. He says to us:

> I hope that we may constantly recall the words of Lincoln: "As our case is new, so must we think anew and act anew." For I wish that our thinking shall not be crippled by timidity or undue regard for tradition, but shall be as imaginative and creative as the problem is vast and new. I further wish that we may resist any temptation to avoid the hardest problems.
>
> I earnestly hope that we may have the insight to perceive the uselessness of talking about any effective rule of law in world affairs unless in addition to world tribunals we are prepared to accept world legislative and executive agencies equipped with adequate authority to make the judgments of those tribunals surely enforceable.
>
> In particular I hope that we will realize that nothing less will suffice than universal and complete, rather than partial, national disarmament, together with an adequate world police force. On no easier terms than these, I believe, can a world rule of law, however strictly limited to the prevention of war, become a reality.
>
> This problem of world peace under law is indeed hard. But it is not insoluble and the goal is worth the effort. There *is* a tide in the affairs of men. It brings us now a supreme opportunity and also imposes an urgent duty. If we can rise to that duty we shall fairly earn the gratitude of all mankind.

And so going west out of Dublin watch for that turnoff to the left into the woods. It is a third of a mile beyond the village post office which puts the cancellation, "Dublin, N. H.," on so many important letters and statements and pamphlets that go out around the world—just a third of a mile and no more. Citizen Clark, U.S.A., walking stick in hand, is waiting in the cool of the summer evening at the lane that leads up to Outlet Farm where Fanny Dwight Clark has been cultivating her prize roses. It would be too bad to miss even a minute that you might have had there!

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A Look Around . . . . . .

The Bread of Adversity

PAUL A. ZAHL

Inland from Matthew Town on the Caribbean island of Inagua the tropical sun beats and a thirsting wind drinks on a vast checkerboard of salt pans. As crystals precipitate from the concentrating brine a snow of NaCl falls slowly to the bottom of each shallow enclosure. Then shovels, or bulldozers these days, pile the gleaming deposit in great heaps pending transfer to the holds of periodically visiting freighters. New seawater is pumped into the pans, and the process is repeated.

What stirred my interest on a visit to the site was not the mechanics of this age-old method of salt production, but a rosy coloration that softly tinted some of the pans. Developing at the stage of evaporation when salinity has reached twenty to thirty percent, the color was caused by an explosive proliferation of pink bacteria known as halophiles (*Gr.* salt-lovers). Microscopic examination would have revealed, jostling the pink bacteria, a companion fauna of flagellates, protozoa, crustacea, and insect larvae, all equally at home in the osmotic harshness of saturated brine. Even tiers of crystals glistening along the edges of each evaporation pan had an erythroid cast, further clue to the presence of tiny salt-lovers by the trillion.

Obviously nature had provided these peculiar organisms with a means for preventing not only violent dehydration but also the excessive ingress of Na (sodium) and Cl (chlorine) ions. This faculty must involve permeability control of a prodigious order, but the mode is obscure.

Salt as such has no nutrient value, of course. The bacteria dine on products or by-products of the flagellates which alone within this strange community are gifted with chlorophyll and thus are able to synthesize edible materials. The other species also take advantage of the flagellates' photosynthetic nature; but *all* would perish in salt concentrations of less than thirteen percent.

Coming to mind are a score of other life-supporting environments even more stringent than Inagua's pink lakes. Carbolic acid, that fierce corrosive kept only in bottles labelled with skull and crossbones, and deadly to almost all living things, is not only endured but also used as a direct source of food energy by a number of microbes, typified by *Vibrio cyclosites*. Iron-eaters like *Leptothrix* and *Gallionella* oxidize ferrous iron to the ferric form, while a host of other organisms metabolize gloriously on smelly hydrogen sulphide. A world-weary *Carboxydomonas* could never commit suicide by means of carbon monoxide—this gas is meat and drink to him. Nor would certain species of *Pseudomonas* flee from naphthalene, for they are provided with enzymes for converting it into food. If it were not for the trillions of microbial soap-eaters in soil and stream ever at work on the "germicidal" detergents that the American housewife rinses down her sink by the megaton, Rachel Carson would have an even stronger case. Even the grim borax flats of the California and Nevada deserts support a flora and fauna.

To apply additional brushstrokes to this curious picture is not difficult. Imagine a planet covered by a sea of petroleum. If such a planet exists, life surely would not have passed it by, for there is a whole spectrum of molds and bacteria that find hydrocarbons good eating. Some consume kero-

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sene, and would proliferate in fuel storage drums and the pipes of jet engines were it not for elaborate purification techniques. Others of the class prefer benzene, methane or paraffin as a source of prime energy; still others crave hydrogen or ammonia. From my days in the research laboratory, I recall the exasperatingly sudden appearance of bacteria in previously sterile distilled water. The explanation: the merest trace of illuminating gas in the atmosphere, a hint of which had been drawn into solution. However infinitesimal, this was enough food to encourage the growth of hydrocarbon-metabolizing organisms.

Eaters will always appear where there is food. And food, by physiological definition, is any material which upon chemical alteration releases metabolically utilizable energy. Thus carbon monoxide or kerosene are potentially as nutritious as orange juice, provided you have the enzymatic competence to assimilate them. Such biochemical skills were originally provided by the competitive quest for nutrient, the play of mutations and the rigors of selective survival. Life has acquitted itself inventively in this regard, but there are factors that do limit the breadth of adaptability, one of the most obvious being the thermal. Boiling water causes biochemical units to fly apart, to denature, or to congeal to inertness; and the temperature of frozen water is deleterious if not lethal to the tissues of higher forms. Most living things do best at between 50 and 100° F. Yet, nonconformity is rife.

In fact, acceptance by living entities of temperature extremes that would be fatal to human beings almost equals protoplasm's versatility in metabolizing "poisons." Throughout the world, algae and bacteria grow copiously in hot springs where water steams at 170° F.—scalding to the human skin. Some types are photosynthetic; others live by metabolizing minerals and gases dissolved from volcanic magma far below the earth's surface. Few vertebrate animals can tolerate such heat, although there are European hot springs that support a fauna of endemic fish at 120°; several species of molluscs and worms do well at 115°; and some eels appear to accept 110°. In the terrestrial realm, bacteria responsible for spontaneous combustion attain their maximum metabolic vigor at around 180°, at which level an accumulation of low-flash-point gases may burst into flame—a life-cycle denouement that seems suicidal, although viable spores are no doubt carried to safety by the currents of convection.

The dogged hardihood of life at the other end of the thermal scale is no less astonishing. I recall some years ago exploring a glacier on Washington's Mount Olympus. Squirming there on the surface of the ice were thousands of black threadlike creatures each no more than half an inch long. They were glacier worms, my companions explained, but I was not sure. I put some into a vial for later identification and they proved indeed to be annelids of the family *Enchytraeidae* for which ice is the preferred habitat. During daylight hours the worms wiggle about in the thin layer of melt water, feeding on photosynthetic algae that share this frigid biotope. With night's falling temperature, both worms and algae freeze solid and their metabolism is slowed to a halt. Morning sun, however, thaws them and life proceeds. Pools of melt water on the Antarctic ice cap, sometimes prevented from freezing because of their high salt content, remain liquid to temperatures of 15° below; yet, photosynthetic flagellates flourish in them. Temperature in the sea's abyss holds at a few degrees above freezing; here life teems—bacteria, sponges, coelenterates, worms, crustacea, arthropods and fishes. Many yeasts, molds and viruses are resistant to extreme cold, and were perhaps thereby enabled to endure the planet's long glacial epochs. Some bacteria retain viability in dry ice at minus 110° F., and even in liquid hydrogen at minus 422°.

In this age, as man ventures into space, the adaptability of earthly protoplasm to "adverse" environments is not without meaningful connotation. Facts are of course still wanting, yet a prescience that carbon/water metabolism and its attendant unfoldments may occur elsewhere than on earth is felt not only by writers of science fiction but also by scientists. The vanity that earth is unique in possessing life has

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yielded to the question: Are we alone?* And since, as we shall see, the same virtuosity shown by earth's protoplasm in the nutritional and thermal areas plays on other environmental limitations, the cogency of that question is strengthened.

You breathe, I breathe, and deprived of oxygen we would die. This twenty percent component of our atmosphere represents the difference between life and death for all advanced animals, yet lower in the evolutionary scale are thousands of species that not only get along without oxygen but also find it highly inimical: protozoa in the rumen of a cow; worms that infest the muscles and intestines of their hosts; bacteria in innumerable airless niches. Oxygen-shunning organisms are called anaerobes, and the faculty of anaerobiosis attains its highest development among the worms and bacteria, scores of which burgeon only in the strict absence of oxygen; others are ambivalent, doing equally well with or without it, but changing their metabolism to suit the circumstance. For example, in the presence of oxygen the mold *Mucor racemosus* converts sugar into carbon dioxide and water; in its absence the conversion is to carbon dioxide and alcohol.

You and I drink, then perspire and excrete water; our lives depend upon the process. Yet the survival of many spores and seeds under conditions of nearly absolute desiccation is well known. Desert flora and fauna endure long periods of drought by means of tissues that store water, and skins that prevent its loss. Lichens are often found in places so dry as to approach zero humidity. Although water remains the indispensable vehicle for protoplasm's colloid and enzyme chemistry, the fact that life early in the history of its evolution rose from the sea to embark on a great terrestrial experiment reflects a diminished dependence on the mother fluid.

Your ears pop during any rapid ascent or descent. So do mine. But at the bottom of the seven-mile-deep Cook Trench off the Philippines, where water bears down at about eighteen thousand pounds per square inch, life abounds. At the other extreme, mold spores subjected under laboratory conditions to vacuum emerge fully viable.

Our blood streams and the tissues they nourish function harmoniously only in the neutral zone of the acid-base range. Surprising then that various lower organisms (certain peat bog bacteria, for example) prosper in an acidity of pH1, which to most other living things is instantly lethal. Some lichens do well at the seeringly alkaline level of pH11.

You and I like to sunbathe, and all the earth's greenery *must* do so. But a great many of the planet's inhabitants avoid rather than seek light: bacteria and fungi by the host, soil burrowers, deep-sea and cave dwellers, all nocturnal animals. To be sure, such creatures owe the sun for warmth of sorts, and nearly all secure nutrient from materials preformed by the earth's chlorophyll-bearers; nevertheless, they live and thrive without direct dependence on light.

The variegation of earthly life engendered by protoplasm's extraordinary capacity to thrive under conditions that we consider adverse, suggests that environmental requirements for metabolism are not as rigidly narrow as traditionally supposed, and urges, as we have said, a bolder acceptance of a theory that sees life's concrete manifestation as literally universal.

It is justifiably argued that the planets outward from the sun present degrees of lessening attractiveness: Mercury—too hot, no water or oxygen, intense ultraviolet; Jupiter—too cold, an atmosphere of methane, hydrogen and ammonia; Saturn—even colder; and so on to Pluto, unbelievably frigid at minus 350°. Only Venus and Mars, with thermal characteristics not too wildly different from earth's, would appear conceivably hospitable, although Venus is in fact unappraisable owing to her dense cloud cover, and Mars, whose surface *is* visible, still eludes definition. When in 1877 Giovanni Schiaparelli published his revelation of canals on Mars, with the implication of some type of intelligent life there, he unwittingly encouraged a voluminous literature, most of it fictional, ascribing to this planet a weird population—from lichens to

* See THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, Autumn, 1956, pp. 453-457.

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hominoid creatures with green complexions and forehead antennae. A lichen plant is of course not a single species but rather a symbiotic union of a fungus and a photosynthetic alga. It is a rather advanced form and of relatively recent origin; hence its existence on Mars would imply a long preliminary evolution of collateral species for whose presence there is no jot of evidence. Schiaparelli's canals are now regarded with dubiety; and as for Martians, Orson Welles all but laid them to rest in 1938.

So much for our own solar system. But when we consider, as Harlow Shapley does, the one hundred million million million other suns with their circling satellites, representing every degree of stellar evolution, then the existence of worlds physically similar or even identical to earth becomes an impressive statistical probability. And since, as is generally assumed, all matter operates under the same energy laws, the likelihood of life elsewhere, based on the singular combining properties of the carbon atom and on water's solvency, heat retention, diffusion, surface tension, *et cetera,* is equally probable, with adaptability the crucial attribute. Indeed, it is no longer considered reckless to imagine on some distant satellite varieties of nonaqueous "life" neither limited to the narrow temperature range of liquid water, nor carbon-centered.

If we have tended in our discussion to stand outside the picture, as observer rather than participant, it is because man, having apparently reached the apogee of his own organic development, no longer accomplishes adaptation by altering his chemistry or structure in the manner of the adroit lower forms we have described. Rather, by means of his unique reasoning faculty and one aspect of its objectification, technology, he has been able in an ever widening degree to extend his senses and free his body. Whereas the physiology of certain algae conforms, in the evolutionary sense, to water at 170°, man devises an insulating suit. Modified ears and voice boxes enable bats to fly in the dark; man invents radar. Development of a membrane impermeable to NaCl makes it possible for halophiles to endure the harshness of concentrated brine; I wore a pair of rubber knee boots into the shallows of Inagua's salt pans.

On that occasion, a group of three or four flamingos waded with me. They eyed me steadily, until the shortening distance between us struck a warning. Then abruptly, with a synchronized churning of reddish wings and long pink legs, they took off and streaked away. Like all bird progeny of Jurassic reptiles, they were empowered to make the earth-to-space transition because of an alteration, achieved ages earlier, of forefeet to pinions.

No physiological modifications prefaced man's entry into space. Wings of fabric or metal, then intricate capsules, to be followed by heaven-only-knows what sort of time- and space-shrinking devices, push man to limits that he seems unlikely to acknowledge as such.

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REAPPRAISALS

The Finesse of Dreiser

ELLEN MOERS

We are reading Dreiser again. Without benefit of editorial fanfare or critical hoopla, a revival is upon us, solidified by that blessed invention of the fifties, the quality paperback book, with its attraction for the young, the poor, the serious, the curious, the follower of fashion—for, in short, the reader. There are seventeen Dreiser volumes now in paper, including seven different imprints of *Sister Carrie*. (For the record, which has its interest as a signpost to taste, there are also seven Ambassadors, fourteen Red Badges of Courage, ten Moby Dicks, fifteen Scarlet Letters, twelve Huckleberry Finns.

Young people have good reason to be reading Dreiser, as they obviously are, beyond the fact of his quality. He forms a bridge between the self-consciously inarticulate poets and novelists of their generation (the devotees of what Robert Brustein has called the Cult of Unthink) and the humanitarians of the last century, for whom the inability to articulate was in itself tragic, even disgusting. It is as the novelist of the inarticulate hero that Dreiser comes again upon the literary scene.

"One thing that you are to be praised for is that you have always been low," Edgar Lee Masters wrote Dreiser; "you have always loved low company, as Hawthorne and Emerson did and Whitman and before them as Goethe did. This passion conduces to honesty." But how is Dreiser in fact *low*? What is the social milieu of his novels? It is not low, certainly, in the Marxist sense, which seems relevant only because Dreiser's final political stand was with the Communist Party. Dreiser never wrote a proletarian novel: his favorite characters are an actress, a saloonkeeper, a traveling salesman, an art-collecting financial manipulator, a street preacher, a painter, a mistress, a bellboy. The fringe figures, wasters and spoilers and enjoyers, were for Dreiser, as for his master Balzac, the irresistible subject.

Dreiser's characters are low in the sense of being stupid. Carrie and Jennie and Clyde would probably rank well below the norm in any verbal intelligence test. Neither sentimentality nor disgust mars Dreiser's handling of inarticulate people—although both these patronizing attitudes repeatedly disfigured the "naturalist" tradition to which he is supposed to belong. That Dreiser loved his helpless, unconscious people has often been said, but he did so with the very special love of a sibling, carrying with it acceptance, identification, shame, detachment and an honesty related to the contempt that is bred by familiarity. In the most literal sense, as his letters and autobiographical writings show clearly, Dreiser wrote as a brother. This is the central fact about his work, far more important than the clichés thrown at him in the 1930's

✪ ELLEN MOERS has been awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship to write a critical study of Dreiser's novels, which she hopes to finish next year. She has contributed articles and reviews to various magazines and journals, and has taught at Hunter College and Columbia University. Her book, *The Dandy*, was published in 1960.

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and '40's: that he was a peasant, a linguistic imigrant, a naturalist, a People's realist, an American and so on.

One of Dreiser's sisters ran off with a married saloon-manager who stole money to keep her (Carrie); one bore a rich man's illegitimate child (Jennie Gerhardt); one brother hung around hotel lobbies looking for easy money, got into trouble and ran off to peddle candy on trains (Clyde). His beloved brother Paul, the song writer "Dresser," ran away from the seminary where he was training to be a priest, spent some time in jail and lived off the bounty of a "madam" on his easy-going way to success. Without much in the line of theory, using only family materials, Dreiser could easily work out a view of life somewhat at variance with the conventional homilies of his day. More important, from the contrast between day-by-day life as it was lived by his brothers and sisters, and life as it was played out in popular melodrama, he devised a literary style that gave form, and even heroism, to the inarticulate.

Dreiser's triumph in this enterprise is Clyde Griffiths in *An American Tragedy,* the last novel published in his lifetime and the sum of his experience as man and artist. But from his first novel, *Sister Carrie,* he addressed himself to the problem of expressing the inexpressibles and, what is more, carried it off with virtuosity and delicacy. These two books are Dreiser's masterpieces. The *Tragedy* is in every way more profound, more complex in structure, more rich in suggestions. That is where we are to look for the tragic sense, the compassion and the sociological subtlety that have won Dreiser the respect, if not the affection of his readers. But Dreiser would never have been able to manage the complex architectonics of *An American Tragedy* without his abundant natural, literary gifts as a novelist, which *Sister Carrie* most patently displays. Like *The Scarlet Letter,* which appeared exactly fifty years earlier, *Sister Carrie* is one of those first novels that show off the almost shameless virtuosity of the novice.

Dreiser wrote *Sister Carrie* somewhat by accident, at the insistence of a friend. He was already, in 1900 (like Hawthorne in 1850), a mature man and an experienced writer; he was the author of so many competent magazine articles (many of them showing a verbal smoothness lacking in *Sister Carrie*) that he had been listed by *Who's Who.* He had also written a few short stories, also at the urging of his friend, but what he really wanted to write was plays, not fiction. "Had I been let alone," he told Mencken, "I would have worked out in that form." *Sister Carrie* shows it. It is, as no later Dreiser book would be, a novel of *scenes,* some of them so "gorgeous" that they remain in the mind like things in *Madame Bovary* or *Anna Karenina.*

There is, for example, the Hurstwood-Carrie love scene, acted out in a slow-moving horse-drawn carriage pacing along the flat, new, empty stretches of Washington Boulevard; the opening scene, Carrie's meeting with Drouet in the railroad car; Carrie's night of triumph on the stage, before an audience of "stout figures, large white bosoms, and shining pins" that includes her two blazing lovers; and the final stunningly illuminated scenes of Hurstwood in degeneration, one bum among many on a snowy night in the Bowery:

> In the drive of the wind and sleet they pushed in on one another. There were wrists, unprotected by coat or pocket, which were red with cold. There were ears, half covered by every conceivable semblance of a hat, which still looked stiff and bitten. In the snow they shifted, now one foot, now another, almost rocking in unison.

Rhythmic effects of every variety (the train, the streetcar, the carriage horse, the shuffling feet of the bums, the rocking chair) are scattered through the novel so profusely that its lyrical quality becomes at times almost too rich. There are effects of light and color that point to Dreiser's early and lasting passion for painting and architectural decoration, which has hardly been taken seriously by his critics. There are contrapuntal effects with speech—urban and rural; common, middling and "cultivated"; slang and theatrical bombast—that very few other novelists (James Joyce is one)

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have ever attempted. To say that the best scenes in *Sister Carrie* are cinematic rather than theatrical is another way of saying that Dreiser was a born, virtuoso novelist, for the movies learned more from the novelist than from the playwright. But it is often helpful, as Robert Penn Warren has shown in an essay on *An American Tragedy,* to write of Dreiser's effects in terms of the "sweep of the lens," the "shift of focus," the "movie in our heads."

If there is a crucial scene in *Sister Carrie,* on which the success of the book hangs, it is the early episode in the downtown restaurant, where Carrie is "seduced" by Drouet. This is hardly one of the memorable showpieces of the novel, yet it goes far to set the tone of the whole. For here Dreiser must take a stupid, commonplace girl, whose only charm is her youthful prettiness (and a certain something else that must here be established finally for the reader) and turn her into a heroine—without letting her think or feel or behave in the heroic style. She must take the first decisive step of her life—down a path that she, her family, her world know to be morally wrong—without seeming to understand what she is about and without incurring the reader's exasperation or provoking his blame. For Dreiser has set himself the task of making Carrie sufficiently null to skirt moral criticism, but vital enough to personify the creative force itself —to be, in effect, his Emma Bovary.

The writing in the seduction scene is careful to the point of finesse—a word I would like to bring forward in connection with Dreiser, if only because it challenges the old and worn-out complaints against his style. In one of the recent favorable statements about Dreiser (they are still relatively rare) Saul Bellow asked a useful question about the nature of "bad writing" by a powerful novelist, but moved away from the answer with the lamest recommendation: that "Dreiser's novels are best read quickly." The reverse is true. "Fine" writing (some of James's or Virginia Woolf's, for instance) often fails on slow and close examination, while the coarse, dense, uneven language of the more subtle novelists (like Dickens) yields surprising rewards—and explanations of the art of fiction—to the careful reader.

Dreiser has brought the farm girl, Carrie Meeber, to Chicago, introduced her to the drab home of her married sister, sent her about the city looking for poorly paid, tedious work, and then had her fall ill and lose her job at the outset of her first winter in the big city. Now he sets the stage for temptation. Carrie is spending her fourth weary day of job-hunting wandering the downtown streets of the city with a borrowed ten cents in her pocket for lunch, when Dreiser confronts her with that delectable specimen of brainless virility, Drouet, the traveling salesman Carrie had met on the train but had not seen again since her arrival in Chicago. Four pages later Carrie has taken money from Drouet, and the loss of her virtue is in plain view. But the scene ends as Dreiser has it begin: unstrained, calm, inevitable in a comfortable, flat sort of way, even cosy. Here is the beginning, several pages into Chapter VI:

. . . Suddenly a hand pulled her arm and turned her about.

"Well, well!" said a voice. In the first glance she beheld Drouet. He was not only rosy-cheeked, but radiant. He was the essence of sunshine and good-humour. "Why, how are you, Carrie?" he said. "You're a daisy. Where have you been?"

Carrie smiled under his irresistible flood of geniality.

"I've been out home," she said.

"Well," he said, "I saw you across the street there. I thought it was you. I was just coming out to your place. How are you, anyhow?"

"I'm all right," said Carrie, smiling.

Drouet looked her over and saw something different.

"Well," he said, "I want to talk to you. You're not going anywhere in particular, are you?"

"Not just now," said Carrie.

"Let's go up here and have something to eat. George! but I'm glad to see you again."

She felt so relieved in his radiant presence, so much looked after and cared for, that she assented gladly, though with the slightest air of holding back.

"Well," he said, as he took her arm—and

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there was an exuberance of good-fellowship in the word which fairly warmed the cockles of her heart.

The literary clichés in this last sentence are ugly, but they have a purpose: to throw into relief Drouet's final *"Well"*—which is positively elegant. In this short passage Drouet speaks that homely Americanism five times; more than "Say!" and "George!" his other expletives, it is his trademark. Dreiser was a master of the use of senseless speech to establish character—and those who believe that mastery does not enter here need only examine the hundred different cries of inarticulate passion expressed by Clyde Griffiths' "Gee!" or compare Drouet's speech with Carrie's. In this passage, as throughout the novel, Carrie says almost nothing. Her short, primer sentences carry the flat farm twang without Dreiser's insisting on it: "I've been out home," "I'm all right," and "Not just now."

It is relatively easy for Dreiser to show why Carrie succumbs to Drouet, but much trickier to establish that this timid farm girl—naïve, compliant, decently conventional and without a notion of the seductive arts—can tie Drouet to the most permanent relationship of which he is capable, move on to a more complex lover, prompt Hurstwood to a crime of Balzacian dimensions and then move on again to solitary theatrical triumphs. Carrie hardly talks or thinks, but the warmth of her presence must be at the center of every scene in which she appears. To the men around her she must, without words, respond; here as everywhere, she smiles.

In this scene Dreiser first sets forth the idea that Carrie's fall is to be a triumph, that her sexual adventures stimulate the unfolding of her temperament, much as the sun's heat brings the plant to flower. The pervading atmosphere, the underlying sensual image of this scene is, in fact, physical warmth. It emanates from Drouet, who (in the passage I have quoted) is "rosy-cheeked," "the essence of sunshine" to whom Carrie is the "daisy" of the farm. His *geniality* and *exuberance* are the sun that *warms her heart.* Dreiser uses the word *radiant* twice at the opening of the scene to characterize Drouet, and the shining, gleaming, warming quality of the man is reinforced in the restaurant episode that immediately follows. Drouet summons the "full-chested, round-faced" Negro waiter with a hissing "Sst!" and his ordering of the meal, punctuated with the waiter's repeated "Yassah," turns into a little duet full of sizzling *ss* sounds. (It does not include the silent Carrie; but its last line is "Carrie smiled and smiled.") Drouet's apotheosis as a warming, radiating presence comes, again with intricate sound effects, as the waiter returns, bearing on his "immense" tray the "hot savoury dishes."

Drouet fairly shone in the matter of serving. He appeared to great advantage behind the white napery and silver platters of the table and displaying his arms with a knife and fork. As he cut the meat his rings almost spoke. His new suit creaked as he stretched to reach the plates, break the bread, and pour the coffee. He helped Carrie to a rousing plateful and contributed the warmth of his spirit to her body until she was a new girl. He was a splendid fellow. . . .

Now Dreiser has been careful, in the opening chapters of the novel, to show that Carrie, although momentarily unfortunate, is *not* in the grip of a massively malign fate. She is *not* starving; she is far from destitution; she has two decent homes to go back to. What is at stake is not Carrie's survival but her growth. Dreiser has therefore established the sense of spreading cold that grips Carrie, a cold which is seasonal and physical but also emotional, and to which this scene, full of Drouet's "radiant presence," provides a warm alternative. The whole cold-warmth pattern has been cued to the reader with a sentence about the difficulty of *transplantation* "in the matter of flowers or maidens," which focuses our attention on Carrie as an organism, significantly a plant rather than an animal, whose response to temptation will be less conscious than instinctive.

About a page before Carrie meets Drouet, Dreiser announces the arrival of cold weather with a few carefully composed sentences (the penciled manuscript, ordinarily clean, shows erasures and excisions):

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There came a day when the first premonitory blast of winter swept over the city. It scudded the fleecy clouds in the heavens, trailed long, thin streamers of smoke from the tall stacks, and raced about the streets and corners in sharp and sudden puffs. Carrie now felt the problem of winter clothes.

Carrie falls ill. "It blew up cold after a rain one afternoon. . . . She came out of the warm shop at six and shivered as the wind struck her." A "chattering chill" follows; "she hung about the stove." She recovers, goes out again to look for work, but hates to return to her sister's home at night: "Hanson [her brother-in-law] was so cold." This sort of preparation throws into relief the sunny radiance of Drouet and the answering, smiling warmth of Carrie. It also clarifies, in the most prosaic way, her acceptance of Drouet's money, which Carrie takes to buy the warm clothing she needs for the winter. But the whole cold-warmth pattern, and the accompanying suggestions of sun, heat and soft, young greenness, are there to be drawn on when, at the close of the scene, Dreiser makes the transfer of money a climactic act.

When *Sister Carrie* was new it was regularly denounced, even by the firm that published it, as an immoral and indecent book. Inevitably, later critics, even those so well disposed as F. O. Matthiessen, have reproached Dreiser for his timidity in avoiding sexual contact between his characters. It is true that Dreiser never removes Carrie's clothes or shows her in the act of love. (When, much later, he came to handle sex openly, as in *The Stoic,* the effect is breathless and not quite sane—directing our attention more to Dreiser's temperament than to that of his characters.) What I have called the seduction scene in *Sister Carrie* culminates in nothing more physical than a pressing of hands. Yet Carrie's acceptance of Drouet's money points clearly and richly to her acceptance of Drouet as a lover, not merely because we know that this is the way the world (and the novel) goes, but because Dreiser's language drenches the transfer of money itself with sexual excitement.

Here is how he does it. The food is served. The man and the girl sit across the table from each other, talking banalities. A sexual current arises, for the first time, between them, and is phrased by Dreiser with deliberation: a matter-of-fact, businesslike sentence, then a colloquialism Carrie herself would use, then a literary sentence, suggestively metaphorical:

She felt his admiration. It was powerfully backed by his liberality and good-humour. She felt that she liked him—that she could continue to like him ever so much. There was something even richer than that, running as a hidden strain, in her mind. . . .

It is important here that our attention be focused on Carrie, and her wordless, actually thoughtless reaction to Drouet's masculinity. (Dreiser cut from the beginning of the scene a sentence about Drouet's liking for Carrie's "mould of flesh" that might have spoiled the tone of the scene.) Drouet looks, admires, and then acts; in two sentences rich with suggestion, he begins to fondle—his cash.

There were some loose bills in his vest pocket—greenbacks. They were soft and noiseless, and he got his fingers about them and crumpled them up in his hand.

The first physical contact then takes place, in words that seem to do nothing but state a gesture, but the key suggestion of warmth is there:

She had her hand out on the table before her. They were quite alone in their corner, and he put his larger, warmer hand over it.

Drouet "pressed her hand gently . . . he held it fast . . . he slipped the greenbacks he had into her palm. . . ." Carrie takes the money, agrees to meet Drouet again, goes out onto the street. The last sentences of the chapter resolve the play of hands of the climax, and refer back to the gesture ("Suddenly a hand pulled her arm and turned her about") with which the scene opened. They also resolve the underlying imagery of the whole: the exchange of warmth, the soft greenness of the farm warmed by the heat of the sun.

Carrie left him, feeling as though a great arm had slipped out before her to draw off trouble.

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The money she had accepted was two soft, green, handsome ten-dollar bills.*

What did Dreiser *avoid* doing with this scene? There is no sentiment, no moralizing, no foreshadowing of conclusions. Carrie's charm for Drouet has been established without destroying her simplicity of temperament; and Drouet's masculine heat has pervaded the scene without the element of lust. Drouet remains vulgar and coarse, but not disgusting. The natural forces of growth and change, the mysteriously casual interactions of creature with environment that always roused in Dreiser the emotions of wonder and awe, have been suggested by a metaphorical (but essentially novelistic) language which in turn gives a surprising eloquence to this tawdry encounter between trivial personalities. The people, Carrie and Drouet, are neither glorified nor idealized.

Two chapters and several days, perhaps weeks, later, Carrie becomes Drouet's mistress. Dreiser puts off the denouement, and indeed avoids presenting the event directly to the reader, not from mere prudery but from a conscious desire to destroy the significance of the act as action, to minimize the element of free will (in which he was a strenuous nonbeliever) and to make credible the lack of reflection in such a girl as Carrie. So we are given much detail about Carrie's shopping and pleasure in her new clothes; about Drouet's pleasure in her appearance and care for her material comfort; and about all the practical problems arising from Carrie's move out of her sister's home and into an apartment Drouet takes for her.

* Dreiser thought at one point of using another transfer of money to prefigure Carrie's capitulation to Hurstwood, her second lover. For very good reasons he penciled the passage out of the manuscript, probably as soon as it was written. (The more subtle love affair between Carrie and Hurstwood would not have been glorified by such a transaction; and the climactic scene, Carrie's stage debut before both her lovers, would have lost some of its effectiveness, for Hurstwood was offering Carrie money to pay for the clothes she would wear on stage.) But Dreiser's choice of words for the discarded "money" scene is interesting. Hurstwood pulls out, not the loose, soft, noiseless, crumpled greenbacks of Drouet, but "a thin clean roll" of new hundred dollar bills. Taking off one bill, he "put it in her little green leather purse and closed it up."

Dreiser's commentary insists, too heavily but never stupidly, on the importance of money, the force of instinct, the significance of habits—abstract topics that drain from Carrie's action the last vestige of moral or sentimental tone. He is particularly careful to keep Carrie's mind blank, her speech halting. A thought of home brings a gesture of despair and a query from Drouet: "What's the matter?" Carrie answers with a line that is at once accurate American slang and literal truth: "Oh, I don't know." Carrie recognizes in a crowd of poorly-dressed factory girls a face she had known at work, and for the first time senses some of the consequences of her move from decent poverty to comfortable disgrace. Her reaction is again a gesture, a start, and Drouet's comment pulls us up with its irony: " 'You must be thinking,' he said."

Dreiser cut from the manuscript a long paragraph making clear how aware he was of the literary significance of what he was doing. The paragraph comes near the beginning of Chapter VIII, after Carrie has gone to Drouet's apartment but before she takes him as her lover. The book as it stands retains nearly all of Dreiser's original reflections on the moral implications (or lack of them) of Carrie's actions; but this excluded paragraph probes—in language so clumsy as to justify the excision—the stylistic problems of inarticulate fiction.

We are inclined sometimes to wring our hands much more profusely over the situation of another than the mental attitude of that other, towards his own condition, would seem to warrant. People do not grieve so much sometimes over their own state as we imagine. They suffer, but they bear it manfully. They are distressed, but it is about other things as a rule than their actual state at the moment. We see, as we grieve for them, the whole detail of their blighted career, a vast confused imagery of mishaps, covering years, much as we read a double decade of tragedy in a ten hour [?] novel. The victim meanwhile for the single day or morrow is not actually anguished. He meets his unfolding fate by the minute and the hour as it comes.

So spoke the novelist who was, in every sense, the brother of Sister Carrie.

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From a Publisher's Commonplace Book

B. W. HUEBSCH

If the ample form of Gertrude Stein never appeared in my Brunswick Building doorway, she was represented by the bulkiest manuscript that ever passed through it. In the autumn of 1911, a wooden case (what we called a soapbox), holding eight cloth-bound volumes of about 8½ × 14 inches, the covers neatly lettered A1, A2, through to D2, was delivered to me. Donald C. Gallup's article on "The Making of *The Making of Americans*" in the *New Colophon,* reciting the complications that developed during Miss Stein's twenty years' effort to get her magnum opus published, mentions my tangential relation to the episode.

The manuscript contained 550,000 words (in Miss Stein's words, "2428 pages of typewriting 19 lines to the page"); James Joyce's *Ulysses,* by no means an opuscule, is composed of 379,000 words; these figures are quoted from Robert McAlmon, who once engaged to bring out Miss Stein's book. A long quarrel with the author thwarted full publication; the enterprise was dropped after the sale of only a few copies. There were some reviews, with Edmund Wilson, Marianne Moore and William Rose Benét among those who wrote for America. No one knows what became of the bulk of the edition. Eventually Harcourt, Brace and Company brought out a condensed version, but it has long since faded from their list.

When the monster lay in my office, I would take an occasional look at it and would show it to some of my callers in the hope of useful comment. One of these, Freeman Tilden, found it so fascinating a curiosity that he stole into my office several times, edged toward the table on which the manuscript lay almost as if merely to reassure himself of its presence, and departed wordlessly.

The explanation of how Miss Stein came to send me the book from Paris lies in the following letter to me from Mrs. Louise Collier Willcox. Highly regarded by the intellectuals of her day, she was in charge of the book reviews for the *North American Review* and was also an adviser to publishers.

Norfolk, Va. Dec. 7, 1911.

While I was in Paris I had a talk with Miss Gertrude Stein, author of a quite remarkable book called "Three Lives." The lady, while a genius in a way, had no practical ability, and the book was brought out in a most haphazard fashion by some unknown publisher. She had on hand at the time of my seeing her two manuscripts; one a long novel, one a volume of short stories; and I strongly recommended her to appeal to you to consider them for publication. Her former work, while undoubtedly unconventional, attracted favorable attention from H. G. Wells and Dr. William James, who said of it: "This is the coming realism." Miss Stein now informs me that she has sent her book on to you, and I am merely writing to say that I wish you would look at the manuscript yourself and go slowly about your decision. It seems to me the lady has a remarkable quality.

Her next letter I find interesting for its further mention of William James's comment on Miss Stein, and for Mrs. Willcox's opinion of Messrs. Cézanne et Cie., those "new and strange French painters":

✪ B. W. HUEBSCH's distinguished career in publishing has continued for more than fifty years. He is now Consulting Editor for Viking Press.

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Dec. 27th, 1911.

Your note of the 21st should have been answered sooner but the holidays are disorganizing. I was not surprised at your report upon Miss Stein's book. I refused the first book of hers for the Macmillan Company in much the same bewildered spirit. Imagine my surprise later when Dr. William James spoke of that book as "the new Realism," and I found myself greatly scorned by the initiates for not recognizing the surprising quality of the book at once.

Your extracts of the new production are certainly not encouraging. I promised her to look at the book and so I suppose I must do so. She is considered a very great genius by very illuminated people and so I must see if I can make head or tail of what she is doing or trying to do. She is a very great friend of Cézanne, Matisse, Picasso and other of the new and strange French painters and you know how aghast the world is at their work. I knew no other publisher in America would have patience to try to fathom the puzzle so I turned to you.

I shall be grateful if you will send the manuscript to me tho' I dread the task ahead.

And then Mrs. Willcox's coda in a minor key:

33 Warren Crescent, Norfolk, Va.
March 9th, 1912

I have tried and tried and tried & have given up Miss Stein's book in despair. I see no hope for it. Am I to send it back to her in Paris? I have her address. Thank you very much for your patience.

Her "tried and tried and tried" suggests that Miss Stein may, after all, have influenced Mrs. Willcox's literary style. The episode closes with what is probably Mrs. Willcox's last word on *The Making of Americans*. I quote her letter to Miss Stein printed by Mr. Gallup: "Mr. Huebsch sent your work on to me in despair and I have not only worked over it myself but gotten several others to do so. I may be all wrong, but I do not believe that your medium will pass muster. I realize, of course, that you have something to say, but have you said it in any form that anyone else can grasp. . . ."

Miss Stein's own high estimate of her talent had the sympathy of such able critics as Carl Van Vechten and Ernest Hemingway (with youthful vigor and enthusiasm). Ford Madox Ford printed in the *Transatlantic Review* substantial extracts from her book; friends pressed T. S. Eliot to do likewise in his *Criterion* but clearly Mr. Eliot was stony to Stein. Grant Richards came into the picture as a potential publisher of a British edition, and Mr. Cape expressed an interest in the book; meanwhile, Miss Jane Heap, associate in *The Little Review*, was working hard to arouse American publishers to their opportunity. The offer to me that I had declined a dozen years before was renewed and declined again, and the book went into, and out of, the hands of Alfred Knopf and Horace Liveright (we three being the men to whom in the twenties an unconventional or iconoclastic manuscript in the arts or social sciences was most likely to be offered).

* * *

HARRY PEYTON STEGER appeared on the New York publishing scene abruptly in 1908. Those daily papers that carried "literary" notes announced his engagement by Doubleday, Page and Company as if the event were important; after I had come to know him I decided that the publicity was no more than a boyish flourish by Steger himself. I had all but forgotten it when Willard Huntington Wright, a visitor to town on behalf of the Los Angeles *Times* of which he was literary editor, mentioned Steger with some enthusiasm as one of the New York publishers who had impressed him and urged me to meet him. We did meet, by chance, almost immediately. Wright, seeking Montmartre in the tawdry night life of New York, walked me into a dour drinking and dancing place on the edge of the "Tenderloin" district one evening. He had enjoyed a visit there the night before, but presumably at the right hour. It was only shortly after our dinner when we entered; there was no drinking, no girls, only shabby tables and empty chairs. In the dim light the room was deserted but for two people at a distant table. "There's Steger," cried Wright, and soon we were together, Steger having maneuvered the disappearance of the lady in whose company he had been.

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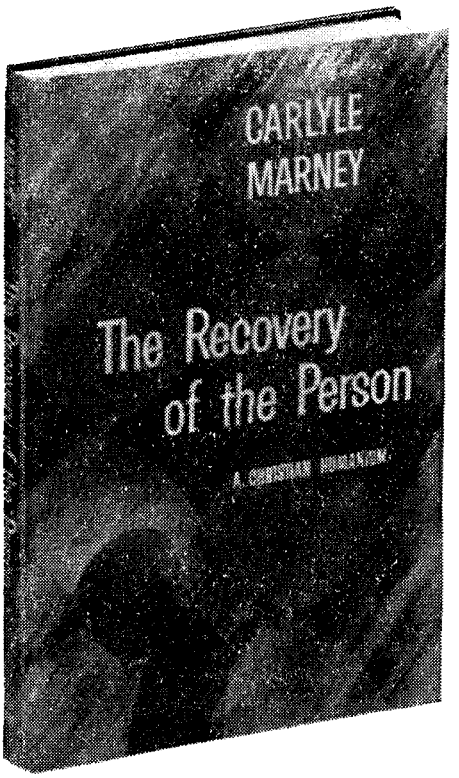

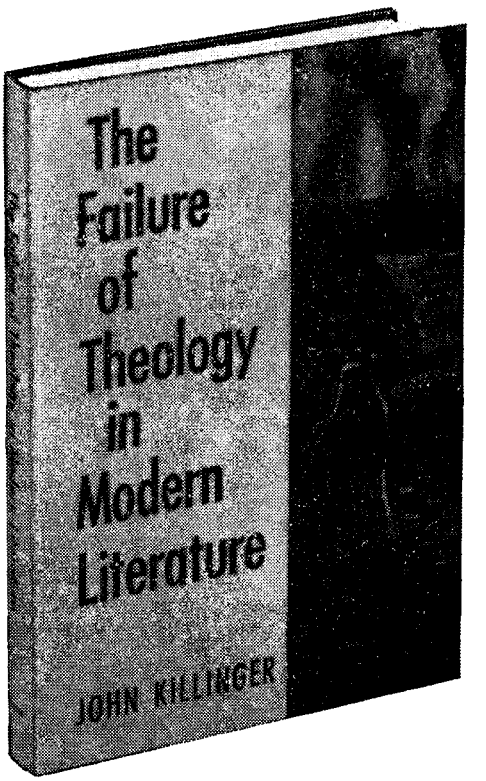

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Steger was born to the publishing trade; he had something that corresponds to the green thumb in gardening, an instinct for what the public would like, and the scholarship, wide reading and facility in writing, that provide means for the exercise of that instinct. He had been something of a prodigy, had taught Greek and Latin when hardly more than a boy, had studied Sanskrit and, in contrast to his pranks as an *enfant terrible,* was a devotee of learning. People and animals responded to his volatile personality; he was kind, uninhibited, companionable. In almost no time he became the important editorial man in his house, although when he entered on his job (it was Arthur Page who introduced him there), his was a position without a title (he announced himself as "editorial adviser"), without even the dignity that the possession of a desk implies. He ingratiated himself with the Doubleday authors, and I recall his friendship with Booth Tarkington and O. Henry, men who needed to be handled tactfully. He succeeded in making them work in spite of their occasional disinclination or procrastination; in the nature of things they had to be manipulated. Steger, with his intelligence and temperament, was of their own kind, and he got results.

Like some other light-hearted scholars secure in their learning, Steger affected contempt for formal education. He had studied at Oxford on a Rhodes scholarship, also at Jena for a bit. The scholarship was revoked before he entered on it, because of his boyish disrespect for Civil War cannons on his campus (University of Texas), but later restored. One of the successful autobiographies of that era was Booker Washington's *Up from Slavery;* Harry Steger solemnly told his friends that he was writing his own story to be called *Up from College.*

With success his pace accelerated, but he was unable at once to live the life that his position implied and to fulfill the responsibilities that were part of it; at least so I inferred, for we saw less of each other as his increasing commitments absorbed his time. Harry died at thirty; it had something to do with alcohol; I was told that even a small dose would undo him. I do not concern myself deeply with the names of diseases that cause death: enough for me that a friend is gone. His publishing career occupied five years, but it is still reflected in his firm's catalogue.

I have refreshed my memory of Steger by referring to the volume of his letters that the Ex-Students' Association of the University of Texas published after his death in 1913. The figure of the exuberant, lovable young man is vividly before me. Items in the *Letters* that sharpen the contour are Steger's humorous autobiographical sketch; a letter to Mr. F. N. Doubleday from Corra Harris, once a popular novelist, with an affecting appraisal of Steger's personality and character as well as of his significance as an adviser; and a characteristic piece by Montague Glass, whose own humorous writings were held in great esteem by multitudes the world over. (People still smile at recollections of *Potash and Perlmutter.*) Lovable, generous Monty Glass was the ideal eulogist for this singular personality, and to read Glass on Steger is to make a friend of both men laugh and weep.

I owe to Steger my acquaintance with his fellow Texan, Edward M. House, Woodrow Wilson's friend and political adviser. Colonel House wrote a book on the state and political government (which I published); because of his relations with Mr. Wilson he decided to offer it to the public anonymously. The book had been tinkered with before it came to me; the original form was that of an essay, but Colonel House was persuaded by Steger that his ideas would carry over to the public with greater impact if they were presented in fictional form, and this was done by another hand. Colonel House told me long afterward that he had not liked the metamorphosed version but accepted it in order to lose no more time. He must have been vexed by having to endure, silently, the ridicule directed at the novel by some of the reviewers. He said to me, somewhat unconvincingly, that he would like some day to restore it to its original form.

I have forgotten what reason Steger gave me for not bringing the book out under the

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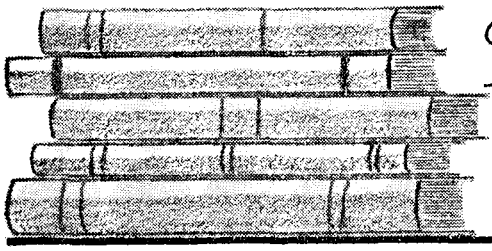

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Doubleday, Page imprint. Perhaps he had overcommitted himself to Colonel House. There is a link in the chain that I have forgotten, but it is hinted at in a letter from Steger from which I quote: "You helped me out of a hole when you took the blasted thing off my hands."

The book duly appeared, and there was some public speculation as to the writer's identity, but curiosity about anonymity wanes quickly. The book became news in the sense that the dailies eventually discussed it without stimulation by the publisher when a reporter picked up a copy inscribed to Senator Culberson of Texas from the latter's desk. There were front-page stories, interviews, denials, reassessments of the content; one might describe the discovery as a nine-day wonder except that no wonder lasts as long as nine days in our society. But even then the author still held himself aloof. In the course of time it became impracticable for him to deny its paternity. It was amusing to observe in the years that followed, after *Philip Dru: Administrator* had again been laid to its rest, that a reporter in Washington would once more discover the author's identity and write a piece about it for his paper. If a story is old enough to be forgotten, it is good enough to be revived, for newspaper generations are remarkably short-lived. I myself had all but forgotten the book when I received a letter from Miss LeHand, Franklin D. Roosevelt's private secretary, saying that the President would like to read it but had been unable to obtain a copy; would I lend him one? I happened to have two and presented one to her for her chief.

I found from correspondence that partly covered the House transaction (letters that I gave in 1960 to Yale University for the Seymour-House collection) that under the publishing agreement the author bought a given number of copies or paid a sum toward the cost of production, I forget which. In most cases it is a mistake for a publisher to accept such subsidies for they are rarely large enough to avert loss on an unsuccessful book or to add significantly to the profit on a popular one; and, besides, the author tends to exaggerate the importance of his contribution. But the subsidy played so small a part in the episode as to have escaped my mind.

I had the pleasure of bringing Colonel House and his wife together with my friends Joseph and Mary Fels, and of course Joe Fels—ardent Single Taxer—did his best to convert House to the faith of Henry George. I have letters from both couples referring to the fruitful visit of the Houses to the Felses in their London home and of subsequent meetings. My relations with Colonel House survived in a friendly but far from intimate way for some years; his interests carried him high in the sphere of public affairs, and after the one important contact there were only casual renewals.

I surmise that it pleased him to be recognized as a factor in public affairs after his retirement. In 1920 Josiah Wedgwood (worthy scion of a great family) asked me to solicit American support for the publication (in England) of a biographical work on the members of Parliament to 1832. I asked Colonel House to declare approval; he expressed enthusiasm and confirmed it in a separate letter to Colonel Wedgwood. Incidentally, of the others whom I addressed on the project, Felix Frankfurter and Walter Lippmann responded in a cooperative spirit that gratified Wedgwood.

* * *

Before touching on the Sherwood Anderson I knew, I have a word to say about the Ph.D. epidemic.

The scholars and wise men of the past would be bewildered by the current concentration on academic degrees and by the importance that is attached to such trademarks. I suppose that the grinding out of masters' and doctors' degrees is largely because of qualifications set for teachers. Whatever the reason, the procedure often is both sad and amusing.

I am prompted to these observations by my own experiences and those of others in the publishing trade, who have been fortunate enough to know some talented or merely successful writers. We are approached by potential disquisitionists on

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this or that author, or on a cognate group, or on a particular phase of a single author's work. Often the student's choice of subject indicates independent investigation and gives promise of lively exegesis, but too frequently it seems as if a weary teacher had made a suggestion that a weary student accepted even though, as his inquiries reveal, he is unprepared to fulfill his task. One learns, however, not to take such matters more seriously than they are probably regarded in the universities where they originate. The Council for Basic Education, for example, reports that the University of North Dakota awarded a doctorate to a candidate whose dissertation bore the title, "Selected Major Issues in Teaching First-Year Typewriting." This Doctor of Typewriting, at least, wrote out of experience, but I was once interviewed, about a writer I had published, by a prospective Doctor who didn't even know the names of the books of the man whose contribution to literature he intended to analyze and explain.

Sherwood Anderson has long been a popular subject for the degree-seeker, not only because of the elements of originality that his work manifests but because of his singular personality. The stories about him, and his stories about himself, continue to afford lively material even now that his place in the fiction of his time has been well appraised and fixed. Even bibliographers, those fascinating microscopists, have found good stuff for their lenses in some of his volumes, if not in his words or ideas. There have been essays and expert opinions on the points that vary in the specimens of *Winesburg, Ohio* that claim to be first editions. The lovers of Anderson's stories *as* stories would raise their eyebrows at the rabbinical disputations of the bibliopoles about a broken letter on page 251 or a worn-down border-rule on the title page. Even I, who published *Winesburg, Ohio,* am left baffled by some of these earnest Talmudists.

Thus, interest in Anderson ranges over various fields: the man himself, the sources of his material, his eccentricities, his egotism (for which no apology needs to be made), his friendships; the degree of importance that the body of his work represents—his very uneven work—and his influence on his contemporaries, all of which have already been duly evaluated by historians of the period; and, too, over the minor field (which testifies to his public importance) of bibliography.

Anderson's many-sidedness invites study of the contradictions to be found in his correspondence. If you're a great man it's better not to write letters, for they often reveal more than you intend. Sometimes a writer's memory fails him and he describes a particular event in one way to one correspondent, and then to another from a different point of view. In one letter he may be moved by a quite innocent, even idealistic, impulse, and in another, on the same subject, and on approximately the same date, by deliberate calculation. The safest course to follow is that of the Frenchman who advised, "Never destroy a letter, never write one."

On matters of publishing, Anderson would sometimes go off half-cocked. While working on *Many Marriages,* he wrote me that it would be "bold in statement" and suggested a limited, signed edition "like George Moore and D. H. Lawrence." I replied that the limited, signed and numbered edition had become a publishers' racket, but he couldn't throw off easily the prospect of distinction that prompted his proposal, and he wound up on this regretful note: "But, Ben, I've got a terrible Rabelaisian book." It proved later that the book was neither Rabelaisian nor quite in the George Moore-D. H. Lawrence class.

Some of his letters would be spontaneous, wholesome expressions of his feelings; in others he would write as if for an audience. Then he would be stiff and a little tiresome, like a campaign speaker. He would utter trite generalizations such as, "My own notion is that the American mind isn't far beyond childhood," or "God bless the horses, they do make most men look pretty cheap, don't they?" (Possibly he had heard or read Madame de Staël's bit of cynicism: "The more I see of men the better I like dogs.")

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But, as I said, he could be natural, as in this extract from a letter: "Don't bother to send the reviews. They often just disturb me and not one in a hundred teaches me anything." Yet he would comment on reviews even if he learned nothing from them. He was dissatisfied with one that was not wholly favorable, and said, "The Boston Transcript man writes like a man with a boil on his neck." His humor was always a source of refreshment, and not least to himself. Once he wrote me: "Have I ever told you of the Irish horse trader in my home town? He owned the worst lot of bony old nags I ever saw, but always said, 'The best horse I ever owned I own now.' The best book I have ever written I am writing now."

It was at Anderson's request, I think, that I sent *Winesburg, Ohio* to D. H. Lawrence whose books I was then publishing. (Sherwood had written me, "I am reading 'Sons and Lovers.' My God, it is a book!") Lawrence acknowledged receipt in these words: "I have just received 'Winesburg'—lay in bed and read it—gruesome it is—everybody dotty, *non compos* all the lot—good, I think, but somehow hard to take in: like a nightmare one can hardly recall distinctly." I never repeated that to Sherwood for he surely would have suspected that Lawrence, too, was afflicted with boils.

One of the occasions on which his memory played him false was when he wrote to Alfred Stieglitz, great photographer and rare man, "I came to New Orleans—and Huebsch met me there. He showed me the stuff, Lordy!" I'm ignorant of what *the stuff* is, and I'm sure I didn't show it to him. I have never been in New Orleans.

My correspondence with Hart Crane reveals that Crane met Anderson in New Orleans at about that time, but I doubt that he knew *the stuff*, and I further doubt that Anderson didn't know a publisher from a poet. But Anderson himself dissolves the mystery in his *Memoirs:* "When I deal in facts I begin to lie. I can't help it. I am, by nature, a story-teller."

A volume of his letters has been published; I have not read it, but a kind friend extracted and sent me its few astringent utterances about me. Nothing serious, and I am quite content with the balance in my favor in Sherwood's letters *to me* (not published), which rest in the Newbery Library in Chicago. The kind things that he wrote to me over our five years' association fully atone for any careless strictures prompted by circumstances long since past.

* * *

RUDYARD KIPLING's biography gives the exact date but it is not important to this story. The fame of the great man was at its height, to be more precise, his popularity, for his fame represents achievement distinct from popularity which means only transitory mass approval. It may be, however, that the people's unusual demonstration of love and reverence, when Kipling was stricken in New York, had its origin in a hypnosis provoked by the journalistic practice of estimating news by circulation value. The newspapers published sensational accounts of the writer's collapse—was it pneumonia? —while passing through New York.

However that might be, the town suffered a period of high excitement, and for days Mr. Kipling's condition was a front-page item with as much of a story as the reporters could manufacture. There were physicians' bulletins at stated hours: the expectation of the crisis, then the crisis, then the slow convalescence. Throughout the period of danger, groups of "anxious-faced" (thus the newspapers described them) men and women gathered before the Hotel Grenoble at Seventh Avenue and Fifty-sixth Street; strangers engaged in conversation, moved by a common sympathy for the plight of one who had given joy to so many.

It is encouraging to think that art can break down the barriers of social conventions; it must have been like that when people came, sad-eyed, to Beethoven's door to make inquiries during his last illness. Reviewing the situation, after many years in which similar manifestations have been revealed as no more than idle curiosity or fickle interest induced by an impulse to merge with the mass and to acquire a facti-

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tious importance, I think it is not improbable that few among those keyed to the point of mourning and now let down by nature's beneficence had ever read Kipling. And similarly, many of the "anxious-faced" populace at Beethoven's door may have known little of music. (Not everybody in Vienna is, or was, musical, notwithstanding the travel advertising.)

Kipling's reported comment after the event, with its grim humor, may actually have been uttered: "America never forgave me for not dying then."

* * *

I remember nothing of the content of the single lecture in English that Georg Brandes delivered on his one visit to New York; the subject, as announced, was Main Currents in Literature and Drama, and in Modern Life; the event remains in my mind only because of the chairman's slip of the tongue in the presence of an audience that included many well-known practitioners of the arts and patrons of the practitioners; one of those audiences of which people say, in our careless way, *"everybody* was there."

It was a pleasant Sunday evening in June, and the place was the Comedy Theatre, on Forty-first Street, a house of interesting memories although not of long life.

The great Dane must have been about seventy years old. No personality in the world of letters exceeded him in significance; his works of criticism, biography and literary history were admired the world over, and translated into the important literary languages. In the chair was Brander Matthews whose professorship at Columbia University and long identification with the study and teaching of the drama made him the logical presiding officer. Perhaps it was that Professor Matthews, too, was feeling his years, or that the sultry atmosphere of the crowded theater affected him, but in his introduction, adverting to the guest's alertness to new talent, he mentioned Brandes' ancient championship of Ibsen and remarked, ". . . and as Dr. Ibsen will himself tell you. . . ." A titter froze on the lips of the well-bred audience. Professor Matthews noticed nothing, and went on. Dr. Brandes surely noted something, but his attentive expression held. When the chairman at long last yielded the floor, he announced his "pleasure in presenting Dr. Ibsen."

Fortunately the noise of hand clapping made the audience's mirth seem merely a natural manifestation in the moment of welcome; it was a relief to laugh, and at that point it could be done without humiliating the blunderer. Dr. Brandes, a smallish man with a knowing, slightly Mephistophelian look, advanced to the reading desk, bowed to Professor Matthews and, turning to his listeners, lifted—oh, so slightly—one shoulder, as if in a confidential shrug for them alone, or as if to say, "Yes, I got it," and plunged into the main current.

* * *

Conversation about books before mass production and distribution were perfected probably centered on their content rather than on the cult of personality (to coin a phrase). Writing books was not a widespread avocation nor was authorship yet a vocation to be mastered by correspondence or in summer courses at salubrious mountain resorts; the ambition to shine in letters had not become universal; indeed, anonymous publication was not uncommon, whether by the novice (Fanny Burney, for instance) or the professional writer (Dr. Johnson). And the number of titles published per annum was not held to be of top importance. Publishers' balance sheets and authors' incomes were matters of minor significance to the public.

Today, however, book talk is largely about writers and their earnings, about publishers and the market for their shares. Authors are much in the public eye, almost like actors and baseball players; their admiring readers discuss not merely their private lives but the sums they earn in royalties and multitudinous lucrative secondary rights.

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The discovery that outsiders can get into the sacrosanct publishing game, even if only as impotent minority owners, has stirred imaginative readers to invest, for the idea of sharing in a literary-commercial venture constitutes a subtle appeal. It's a nice clean business, they tell themselves, and to be a party to producing books tends to raise one's self-esteem.

Never before have there been so many titles in print or so generally available. Never before has so much attention been bestowed on typography, materials and design. It is as if the book had been newly discovered; but the real discovery is that the book can be exploited. Books are as old as the Old Testament (Oh that my words were printed in a book, said Job, but with no thought of royalties or of the "best-seller" list), and even publishing does not fail of mention in the Scriptures. Moving up a millennium or so, we know even the names of the men whom Julius Caesar and Augustus charged with organizing their libraries. With the European rediscovery of movable type the production of books became a trade for profit. In the twentieth century books became "big business," with the lights and shadows that the phrase implies.

Forget for a moment the indispensable book, the book to instruct, to record, to reflect and preserve arts and sciences as our knowledge increases, to make us happier. In large part the books that engage public attention are ephemeral; they do not reinforce the body of literature that represents the accumulated learning of the ages, they merely add bulk to that corpus. This is not to argue against saying the old things in a new way, or to deprecate the importance of books intended to suit an hour of ease and to add to the gaiety of nations. It is directed against spurious books, the false mintage that merely look like books. Were it not for the healthy mind's resentment against any kind of interference one would incline to favor a literary Pure Food Law requiring the ingredients to be named on book jackets.

When we say "There ought to be a law," we mean "My notions should be imposed on society." Well, there ought to be a law to protect us from being choked on planless book production, a law to control the book-birthrate. Overpopulation menaces society, and over-volumeation foreshadows cultural confusion. (It does not follow that because a book is a good thing four books are necessarily better than three books.) The rhythm method, approved for orderly increase of population, might well be applied to the world of paperbacks. But because of the brief period of gestation in that world and the yield in litters, cautious publishers may well seek an appropriate pill that makes for greater safety.

The analogy continues; overpopulation creates a housing problem, and this is paralleled by the shelf problem. Where shall we put unwanted books? Swift's *Modest Proposal* for disposing of the children of the poor is unsuited to the occasion, for books are already too fat and they can't be eaten. Perhaps scientists will solve the problem by introducing a chemical that will reduce paper to dust after a stated period of life. Thus science will abet letters by calculated dissolution and unite the two cultures in a manner not mused on by Sir Charles Snow.

Concerning reading as a virtue in itself, we are told that reading maketh a full man, but the irreverent question arises: Full of what? How wise is that friend of yours who is "always reading" and who can be counted on to know "the latest," who devours many books, and does it rapidly for having taken a course in quick reading? What is there about reading that makes quick reading desirable? Do authors sweat and toil, study, seek the most fitting word, rewrite, polish, transpose, all with reverence for their language and dedication to an ideal of beauty, so that they may be read quickly? Has any graduate of a quick reading course been examined a year after taking it to discover how much he remembers? Who that really savors a book fails to pause and reflect, to reread a sentence or paragraph, that he may proceed in unison with the author's mental rhythm?

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The Members for Ebbw Vale

ANEURIN BEVAN. *By Michael Foot. Atheneum. $7.50.*

Reviewed by ROBERT MANNING

Rarely does a country produce a Winston Churchill. It is rarer still that one should produce at the same time a political antonym as strong and beguiling as was Aneurin Bevan, the fiery Welshman who dominated the left of the British Labour Party until his death of cancer in July 1960. Since then, the lingering memory of "Nye" Bevan has invited the accolade of a good biography. The invitation is still open, for this attempt, the first of two volumes, represents only a beginning; it fails to convey enough of the man beneath the skin.

Those who enjoyed brief acquaintance or confrontation with Bevan are likely to remember the experience as they remember the first look at Niagara Falls or Yosemite; he had the physical presence and emotional impact of a piece of important scenery that ought to be preserved because once it goes, there will never be another. Those who engaged Nye Bevan more intimately have far more to remember and, frequently, scars to show for it. He was a great orator (the only match for Churchill in debate); a master parliamentarian and a fierce fighter who never gave up the class struggle in a country that still attaches heavy meaning to birth, school, club and accent.

Through most of his busy and mostly turbulent political life, Bevan was outnumbered and outvoted, but rarely did he lose without first forcing opponents to back away, hindquarters first, like terriers retreating from a badger's hole, to lick their wounds and regroup for the kill. "I have never regarded politics as the arena of morals," he once said. "It is the arena of interests." Moderation rasped on his nerve ends and talk of compromise almost reflexively provoked his suspicions. He was a man fueled by passion, by grievance, and by a conviction that all other British political parties and classes (including, through most of his career, the leaders of his own party) were determined by belief or by weakness to oppose the interests of the British working class.

Born of "good dissenting stock" in Tredegar, in the Welsh mining country, in 1897, Bevan worked as a butcher boy, went briefly into the mines, and before he was eighteen became an organizer for the mineworkers' union. His aggressive tenacity and his originality of speech and manner marked him early for the world beyond Wales. To broaden the education he got at the local elementary school and at the feet of his mannerly, book-conscious father, the South Wales Miners' Federation financed him for two years' study in London at the Labour College.

The central lode of his approach to politics and to society was Marxian. But his own imagination and force, plus a fierce belief in the freedom of the individual, saved Bevan from the corsets of cliché and of authoritarianism that bind the dogmatists. "Any fool can see that two plus two make four but it takes real capacity to stretch it to five or, better still, six or seven," Bevan remarked to a friend when he was still a young man.

Many times in the years after 1928, when he entered Parliament for an uninterrupted tenure of thirty-two years, Bevan used his oratorical talents and his lone-eagle indiscipline to stretch the realities of the moment into decisions or policies that the British political system was either not ready or not willing to essay. To say that he more frequently failed obscures the fact that in trying he accomplished a great deal, and he endeared himself to more ordinary Britons than any figure in the Labour Party and, save perhaps for Churchill, any man in British public life.

In attempting to capture Bevan on paper, Michael Foot has fallen afoul of his own admiration for Bevan and for Bevan's thinking. A prominent left-wing Labourite himself, he now holds Bevan's old House of Commons seat from Ebbw Vale. He found little fault with Bevan when they were Labourite rebels together and he finds

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✪ ROBERT MANNING is Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs.

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none to speak of in a volume that runs from the man's birth to Labour's victory over the Tories and Bevan's appointment as Minister of Health in 1945.

The story is one of almost continual political and oratorical combat between Bevan and most of the rest. He fought the depression Tories and their despised efforts to treat poverty and unemployment as if they were felonies; he fought the Munich Tories; he fought the Churchillian coalition (pressing them for the Second Front), and he fought his own Labour Party leaders because he abhorred or suspected their moderation. "It is characteristic of British Labour that it never examines the assumptions on which it acts. It is therefore always the servant and never the master of events."

His cutting, vitriolic talent drove many of his enemies to frenzy, and once caused even the imperial Prime Minister Churchill to label his baiter "a squalid nuisance . . . this evil counselor . . . this gamin from some Welsh gutter." Even his fervent admirers would herald him at political rallies as "Our Aneurin—a notorious and not respectable man." They loved, or at the least warmly admired him, and so, too, did most of Great Britain before it was over. A good eulogy for all but the last few mellowing months of his career would be one newspaper's description of Bevan's attack on Neville Chamberlain and the Poor Law legislation in 1929, an attack that established the young, new M.P.'s reputation: "It was like some great disturbance of nature . . . a storm attacking a solitary tree."

The talent, the brilliance of tongue and maneuver and the tenacity all shine brightly through in Michael Foot's first volume. But his hero stands pure amid a circus of villains and tarnished souls. There is some of the flavor of the warm, wide-faceted and friendly private Bevan who loved good company, a good meal and a good wine ("You're just a Bollinger Bolshevik," Churchill's friend and aide Brendan Bracken told Bevan one night as they sipped Lord Beaverbrook's champagne). But most of the latter half of the volume is made up of little more than excerpts from the Hansard records of Commons debate and from Bevan's writings in the weekly *Tribune*. Thus far in Mr. Foot's incomplete undertaking, much is missing. This is the pamphleteer's Bevan—without the inner thoughts, the reflective nuances and the fatal flaws that made him one of the big but disappointed figures of his era.

A Classic History

THE RISE AND DECLINE OF THE MEDICI BANK, 1397-1494. *By Raymond de Roover. Harvard University Press. $10.*

Reviewed by ELMUS R. WICKER

The renown of the Medici family is firmly based upon an impressive record of achievement in politics and in the promotion of literature and the visual arts. As head of the most powerful banking house in Europe in the fifteenth century, the Medici compiled an equally impressive record as international bankers and prosperous businessmen. Their success in the field of international banking, although perhaps less widely acclaimed, is no less outstanding. They were the richest family in Florence in 1457, and their great wealth and economic power can be traced directly to the business sagacity of Cosimo and his father Giovanni di Bicci.

The publication of Professor de Roover's book marks the end of a long and extensive investigation of the Medici Bank initiated by the author shortly after the end of World War II. It is the first in a new set of *Harvard Studies in Business History* dealing wholly with business in Europe. A preliminary sketch at a very early stage of the study appeared as a series of three articles published in the *Journal of Economic History* in 1946 and 1947. In the following year they were collected into book form by the New York University Press and for that book Professor de Roover received the Herbert Baxter Adams Prize of the American

ELMUS R. WICKER, a Faculty Research Fellow of the Ford Foundation, is presently engaged in research on the history of the monetary policy of the Federal Reserve System. He is associate professor of economics at Indiana University.

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Historical Association. The new book differs from the old inasmuch as it is far more detailed and includes new information obtained from the secret account books (*libri segreti*) of the Medici Bank, which were discovered in 1950 in a mislabeled bundle. This new evidence demonstrates conclusively that the Medici Bank emphasized banking more than either trade or manufacturing.

While depicting the financial skills of the Medici family, Professor de Roover has simultaneously furnished us with a penetrating description of the emerging international economy of Europe in the fifteenth century. Although small in volume, trade reflected the differential progress in the rate of economic specialization between Northern and Southern Europe. This growing imbalance eventually became a serious source of disturbance to the solvency of the Medici Bank.

If trade was to flourish, a quick, reliable and efficient means of international payment was required. Specie flows were slow and cumbersome as well as expensive and risky. Moreover, the financing of foreign trade was complicated by the fact that each of the separate political entities had its own different monetary unit. The function of the international banker was, therefore, to supply a means whereby the debt incurred between citizens of different countries arising from trade could be effectively discharged. The main problem, for example, was one of providing the credit machinery that would enable the Florentine cloth merchant to discharge his debt in pounds sterling to an English exporter of raw wool by economizing on the use of gold. The vehicle for implementing the transfer of purchasing power was the medieval bill of exchange. Professor de Roover defines the medieval bill of exchange as a contract (*cambium*) "for the advance of funds in one place and its repayment in another place, and, usually, in another kind of currency."

What it is important to understand about this contract is that it is both a credit transaction and a transaction in foreign exchange. By linking the bill of exchange to a transaction in foreign money the international banker discovered a technique to circumvent the Church's doctrine of usury. A straight loan would have been condemned by the Church. However, the *cambium* was not, even though interest was nearly always included in the rate of exchange specified in the contract. Curious and inconsistent as the logic of the theologians may appear, it determined the direction in which banking was to grow and develop for at least three centuries. Banking was more or less restricted to transactions in the foreign exchange market.

The main business of the Medici Bank, unlike that of the modern commercial bank, was to finance foreign trade. One of the more interesting features of the Renaissance foreign exchange market that distinguishes it from its modern counterpart is the notable absence of "spot" transactions; that is, no purchases or sales of foreign currencies were made for immediate delivery. Exchange rate quotations applied only to time bills at what was called "usance." Usance referred to the period that elapsed between the purchase or sale of foreign exchange and its delivery. Ordinarily usance was determined by distance. Between London and Florence usance was three months in either direction. In current financial terminology we label such a market a forward exchange market and the rates of exchange—forward exchange rates. In any good newspaper today the British pound sterling is quoted both "spot" (the cable rate) and "forward." The forward rates refer to those contracts for the purchase of sterling for delivery in thirty, sixty or ninety days. The workings of the medieval money market might have been made less difficult to grasp if the author had made this distinction clearer and had he undertaken a simple explanation of the behavior of forward exchange rates. The subject is much too difficult to leave to the devices of the general reader. Partial balance sheets still in existence show conclusively that the Medici Bank derived the largest percentage of its profits from foreign exchange transactions and not from either trading or industrial activity.

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Although general business conditions and the economic climate of Europe may have favored the growth of the Medici Bank, its early success and its ultimate collapse must be found in the structure and organization of the Bank and the quality of its management. Professor de Roover has provided us with discerning portraits of the personalities and talents of the Bank's management both in the parent office in Florence and in the numerous branch houses in Rome, Venice, Bruges, London and other European cities. The book literally bristles with balance sheets and other accounting records by which the successes and failures of the Medici Bank can be measured.

The Medici themselves did not participate directly in the operating activities of the bank. They exercised control primarily by entering into partnership agreements with those whom they selected to manage the parent bank and the separate branches including the wool and silk shops. The Medici reserved the right to dissolve a partnership agreement at any time, a right that they did not fail to exercise when the occasion demanded. The selection and appointment of competent and qualified managers became the principal managerial task of the Medici. According to de Roover, Cosimo had an "uncanny flair for finding the right men and for fitting them into the right places." Giovanni Benci, his trusted and successful general manager during the period of the Bank's greatest growth (1435-1455), prospered by his association with the Bank. The tax records for 1457 reveal that Benci's heirs paid more taxes than any other family except the Medici. Cosimo's grandson Lorenzo never acquired an aptitude for business. He delegated more and more responsibility to Francesco Sassetti, whose abilities did not match those of Benci.

Two dangers beset the Bank's management from the outset: the overextension of credit to sovereigns and to the Papal Curia in Rome. Under Cosimo's leadership the amount of such credit was kept to a minimum. But after Cosimo's death the administration of the Bank became more lax and more deeply involved than was strictly compatible with the canons of sound finance. Even Cosimo himself was prepared on occasion to use the Bank's resources for political purposes. He was a staunch ally of Francesco Sforza, the self-styled duke of Milan, and was not averse to extending financial aid to him. The history of the Milan branch of the Medici Bank is an interesting commentary on the consequences of placing political motives above the economic in the management of a business concern.

The relationship of the Rome branch of the Medici Bank was unique in several important respects. After 1425 it operated without capital, relying mainly upon the large time-deposits placed with it by the Papal treasury and high-ranking members of the Papal Court. It also acted as the principal agent through which Church funds were remitted to Rome from all of the various parts of Catholic Europe. Toward the end of the century the difficulty of remitting these balances became more pronounced because of the increased pressure on Northern Europe to settle its debt balances with Italy. The profitability of this business, especially in the years of rapid growth, is evidenced by the fact that more than one-half of the profits of the Medici Bank originated with the Rome branch. Whenever the relationship between the Medici and the Papacy was strained, so was the economic well-being of the Bank.

Professor de Roover has written what is certain to become a classic in the history of international banking. His contribution to our knowledge of medieval and Renaissance banking is secure and cannot be neglected by those who wish to understand the economic foundations of the Medici reputation in the fields of art and politics.

Who Will Notice?

ANTI-INTELLECTUALISM IN AMERICAN LIFE. *By Richard Hofstadter. Knopf. $6.95.*

Reviewed by BROCK BROWER

Sometimes we seem a people whose only salvation will be our loose terminology. To be termed "an intellectual" by the public

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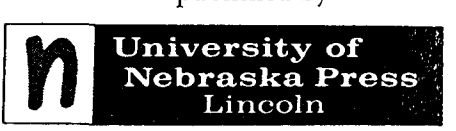

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at large can go brutally hard against a man, but it's just not definite enough to get him taken out and hanged. It's not like being called a horse thief. We suspect it's far worse, but still there's no brand or saddle gall to prove specifically he's got *our* horse, and we're usually a fair people, as long as we're only disgruntled. It is this basal mood in American life—so hangdog, so pervasive, yet still far too disembodied a prejudice to qualify as a real "ism"—that Professor Richard Hofstadter has attempted to seine from our fundamentalist, hornbook, "self-made" past, and I think it is a tribute to him that if we end up here with nothing quite like cultural history, we are still left with the profoundest sense of what he was really after.

This is a hard search. Professor Hofstadter says himself that he was moved to undertake it by the events of the fifties when this mood hardened under the pressure of McCarthyism into what was for the first time widely entitled *anti-intellectualism*. For the moment it did seem as if a real Jabberwock had been found in the tulgey wood, but looking back, anti-intellectualism never was the actual danger; as always, it was only an attendant circumstance. The intellectuals were simply, disastrously, historically in the line of fire, a joy to hit but worth little to a big bounty hunter like Senator McCarthy. Persistently it has taken something more than the disadvantage of intellect to turn our constant disgruntlement into timely philistine wrath against a public figure. Thomas Jefferson was really feared and hated as a radical democrat, which seemed to have something to do with his being an intellectual, and so the Federalists attacked him for "impaling butterflies and insects and contriving turn-about chairs" as well as for being a Deist. On the other hand, Theodore Roosevelt, initially the butt of heavy anti-intellectualist mockery, turned all that aside with a charge up San Juan Hill and an appeal to the strenuous life. And as Hofstadter points out, it is a mistake to think Adlai Stevenson's crime was intellect. It was wit. We may not know what we think of intellectuals, but we know exactly what we think of smart-asses.

For all its blatancy then, anti-intellectualism is difficult to isolate, not only because it never appears alone, but, as Professor Hofstadter explains, because it sometimes comes of the best we have done. It would be an easy triumph for right reason if anti-intellectualism were only limited to Billy Sunday's vulgar reduction of theology to Jesus Christ sliding into home plate, President Eisenhower's Westerns (why never, incidentally, President Kennedy's Ian Flemings?), the "spiritual technology" of Norman Vincent Peale, or other clear offenses against dignity of mind. But what then of Jacksonian democracy, later so grossly and successfully parodied in the log cabin that brought Whig victory to Tippecanoe and Tyler Too? What then of Mark Twain, whose "enthusiasm for literature was as nothing beside his enthusiasm for machinery"? And what of such a statement as "I haven't read a serious book through for fourteen years," when it is not the testament of a tired businessman to his Great Books class, but Woodrow Wilson speaking, and of a time that stretched from his inaugural at Princeton to his second term as President? This is the classic American regret ("I don't seem to have time to read anymore. . . .") over the divorce between action and intellect, one which we have come to expect from the hurly-burly of office.

In fact, not only expect, but excuse, and even require. "The productive intellectual, rather than relying on Bohemia as a means by which he and others can 'face the world together,' usually tries to develop the resources by which he can face it alone," Professor Hofstadter states. "Facing the world together is a tactic of politics, but facing it alone seems to be the characteristic creative stance." From the politician we logically expect (and excuse and require) the tactics of politics, and it becomes pointless to regret that Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., for instance, is now on "the team" and doesn't write about Cuba the way he wrote about F.D.R. Yet the regret is always there, and even Mr. Schlesinger still saves a corner of himself to write once a month about the art films. . . .

Of course, "facing the world together" runs much deeper in America than politics,

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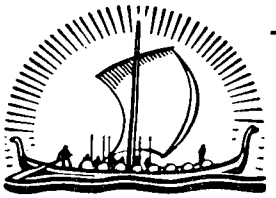

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and it is up against all those locked arms that the intellectual feels most apprehensive, especially when somebody tries to slip a friendly arm through his own elbow. This cultivation of intellectuals in the interests of upwardly mobile egalitarianism is surely the nearest thing to hanging them (although Professor Hofstadter seems to think differently), and it brings up the ultimate paradox of anti-intellectualism in the country, that is, that it works its worst ravages closest to the quick of what might be the saving national graces, universal education, popular culture, *et cetera.* In another context, Professor Hofstadter quotes from a misguided undergraduate paper on modern culture: "The world will never be saved until the individual comes out of the group *en masse.*" Unwittingly this is how most culturally electrified Americans feel; moreover, it is not that far removed from the secret hope of many intellectuals themselves. Professor Hofstadter wisely notes the frustration of that hope in the attack of the intellectuals, especially the democratic socialists, upon mass culture. "The stridency, even the note of inhumanity, which often creeps into discussions of mass culture may be explained in some part by an underlying sense of grievance against a populace that has not lived up to expectations." Yet despite the grievance, few of them seem willing to go over to any elitist cultural hierarchy, such as that proposed by T. S. Eliot, and so the hope continues under the guise of acid disdain for Demos.

Happily, Professor Hofstadter's best chapters speak directly to the substance of this paradox, particularly those in his section on "Education in a Democracy." Since we profess "our persistent, intense, and sometimes touching faith in the efficacy of popular education," the damage done the schools by anti-intellectualism—not as a mood this time, but as a direct act against intellectual development in the young—seems all that more reprehensible. Professor Hofstadter traces the sad state of pedagogy from its humble beginnings in the stereotype of Ichabod Crane to its most programmatic absurdity, Life Adjustment, that reigned in the forties. "Paraphrasing Lincoln," he remarks, "the educators-for-democracy might have said that God must love the slow learners because he made so many of them." He is properly scathing in his attack on the child-study movement, and does not try to hide the aberrancy back somewhere among "John Dewey's followers." Basically, the whole culture was party to the insensitivity of one school official who listed the following deviates from "behavioral norms": "Among them are the blind and the partially seeing, the deaf and the hard of hearing, the speech-defective, the crippled, the delicate, the epileptic, the mentally deficient, the socially maladjusted, *and the extraordinarily gifted.*" (Italics justifiably Professor Hofstadter's.)

It is a shame that the same bracing attack is not carried to the enemy in his sections on religion, politics, and "the Practical Culture," but here anti-intellectualism drops back from being something that kills in the young to something that only produces moodiness in the adult. Besides, intellect has never been, like honesty, a communal virtue, and in the end only very private choices about the life of the mind will continue or dissolve the new class of intellectuals that has steadily gained recognition in this country since the thirties.

Professor Hofstadter reports on this class in his final chapters and finds them, according to a symposium in the *Partisan Review,* happier resident than expatriate despite the anti-intellectualism that surrounds them. In fact, he believes they have now been through enough sobering experiences of direct power, especially under President Kennedy, to scrutinize their own case more intelligently. "We have now reached a point at which intellectuals can discuss anti-intellectualism without exaggerated partisanship or self-pity." Indeed, but the worrisome question remains: who will notice? Professor Hofstadter remarks in one very feeling passage about the failure of the nineteenth-century intellectuals that they were "encapsulated by an impermeable world," and if it were possible to hypostatize anti-intellectualism, it would not be as a destroying angel, but as a former of cysts. Basically, American life is still impermeable, and Pro-

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fessor Hofstadter has done us the distinct service of explaining in part why the intellectuals, for all their institutional affluence, still seem to be talking about their place in our culture as rigidly as something inside one capsule trying to reach something in another.

With Rule and Compass

THE PAINTER'S SECRET GEOMETRY: A Study of Composition in Art. *By Charles Bouleau. Preface by Jacques Villon. Translated by Jonathan Griffin. Harcourt, Brace & World. $12.*

Reviewed by FRANK GETLEIN

We don't really know what those cave painters thought they were up to with their bison, antelopes and sex symbols all over the walls and ceilings, but very few people connected with art will argue strenuously against the view that they were practicing magic of a fairly simple kind. A good part of art history since then has been concerned with art as magic and never more so than at present. If indeed the painter in the cave was relied upon by his tribe to bring them luck in the chase by acting out a successful hunt for game—and it may well have been so—no less is today's painter in the loft relied upon by his tribe, a more spiritualized people, to bring them luck in the hunt for their identities by acting out, upon canvas, just such a search and by presenting, in the finished work, the successful conclusion.

If magic is rudimentary religion and rudimentary psychoanalysis, it is also rudimentary science, and the history of art is accompanied by a continuing effort to reduce the magic to a series of formulae so that apprentices can more easily grasp the sorcery. As Egypt, India and Tibet long served as the exotic locales for the fountainhead of conventional magic as seen from Europe and America, so the magic of painting has been felt to have a favorable geography. Dürer went to Italy believing that

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✪ FRANK GETLEIN is art critic for the Washington *Star* and a contributing editor to the *New Republic.*

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"The best critical book on Crane that has appeared is certainly Hoffman's."—*John Berryman, Stephen Crane* (1962) *$6.00*

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there he would find the secret of art; generations of painters followed him. In the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, Italians, Germans, Russians, English and Americans have all gone to Paris in the belief that it was the magic city. More recently the belief has grown in Los Angeles, the Midwest and New York that New York is the magic city. Hence, this book by a Parisian painter may represent the final magical compendium to come out of a magic city fast losing its charms. On the other hand, the New York ascendancy may turn out to have been a passing, provincial revolt, understandable, forgiveable and eminently forgettable. If so, M. Bouleau's extensive examination of the European artistic past will have relevance for the future as well as for the imposing array from the Parthenon frieze to Mondrian upon which the author bases his geometrical and mathematical analyses.

M. Bouleau diagrams the varying geometries—now simple, now complex; now purely linear, now curvilinear—that may be discerned in European painting from medieval manuscript illuminations on. The system is rarely as simple as quadrants. A rectangle is assumed for all paintings, and its "armature" is constructed by points on its sides joined by lines. The points are located mathematically either by a simple division of the side into equal parts or by its division according to harmonics of some kind, for example, 2, 4, 8, or 9, 12, 16. Intersections become new points for new lines and the side-points may serve for tangents to touch.

M. Bouleau would be the last to claim originality for this approach to painting. At one extreme lies the mysticism of the Golden Section and the Golden Number, both of which figure here; at the other lies the game played by Junior League docents, "Find the triangles." But this is without doubt the most far-flung effort to develop the theory of geometry and to apply it to everything in sight. Not surprisingly, perhaps, the thing actually works and you find yourself, with M. Bouleau, reexamining art history with rule, compass and even French curve.

Another man's passion can utterly fasci-

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nate when he presents it with fanatical detail and that is what M. Bouleau does. It is important in his company to hang on to the truth that a painter is no more—and no less—a geometrician than a poet is a grammarian, but with that warning firmly in mind the book is an intellectual delight.

M. Bouleau—need it be added?—is himself a painter of the geometrical persuasion.

Myrdal on American Affluence

CHALLENGE TO AFFLUENCE. *By Gunnar Myrdal. Pantheon. $3.95.*

Reviewed by EDWIN L. DALE, JR.

Gunnar Myrdal is a rather good proof that the eclectic eighteenth-century man is not really dead after all. As this book illustrates perfectly—although rather haphazardly—Mr. Myrdal not only interests himself in many things but, more importantly, does not hesitate for a second to express himself about them.

Do you want to know what went wrong with American policy toward China? Although the title of this book is *Challenge to Affluence* and the substance is largely economic, you'll find the answer here. How about the attitude of Americans toward Government, or the real nature of the European Common Market, or the problem of American economic growth, or what has gone wrong with foreign aid? Once again, Mr. Myrdal is happy to enlighten you.

The odd part of all this is that it comes off. Here is a wise man, who has taken time to inform himself about a thousand and one things, letting us share some exceptionally measured—eighteenth-century, if you will—judgments. One can almost see him writing the book in his garden during a series of spacious Georgian afternoons. Like any man in his garden, he can be concerned and even worried, but not agitated; his ca-

✪ EDWIN L. DALE, JR., is a reporter for the New York *Times,* specializing in economic affairs. He has worked mainly in Washington and has just returned there after three years as economic correspondent in Europe. His book, *Conservatives in Power,* a study of the Eisenhower Administration, was published in early 1960.

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pacity for indignation is not suppressed, but it is properly restrained. Yet he is above all a reformer, a liberal (in the American context), a prober of what is and was wrong.

It is necessary, first, to say what the book is. Its first half is a detailed, and even repetitive, case for the "structuralist" view of what is wrong with the American economy, with a strong seasoning of moral, sociological and political arguments. The second half is a delightfully rambling survey of America's role in the world, held together only by the fairly consistent argument that America's economic performance matters a great deal to that role. The two together add up only to 159 pages, and an appendix in the form of a lecture on the race problem is thrown in as a bonus.

It is, of course, impossible to assess or "criticize" all of the multitude of ideas and views that spring here from Mr. Myrdal's brain. But one can make a generalization, perhaps a curious one. The present reviewer, while impressed with all of Mr. Myrdal's ideas and thoroughly in sympathy personally with most of them, did not find a single new thought in this book, or even a single new synthesis of thoughts.

If I had a fairly bright son between twenty and twenty-five years old, I should count it a blessing if he read *Challenge to Affluence*. But I cannot pretend that the ordinary American intellectual—whom I define simply as somebody who reads—will necessarily find meat and drink here, although he may find some things put with a conciseness and in a pattern that is unaccustomed.

Now a word about the first half of *Challenge to Affluence*.

This reviewer, after living three years abroad, became quickly aware upon his return home late this summer that there is really only one "great debate" (at least practical debate) now in American economics, a highly fascinating one. On one side are ranged those, like the President's Council of Economic Advisers, who believe that an increase in aggregate demand through fiscal measures (in this instance, a tax cut) will virtually alone restore full employment; this school strongly doubts that there is anything new in "automation," or the nature of our presently unemployed, that makes unemployment different now and thus more difficult to cure. On the other side is a strange bag of conservatives and liberals, ranging, quite literally, from Leon Keyserling to the Republicans in Congress, with the Federal Reserve Board and the labor unions thrown in, who believe otherwise. They are united on one point: that aggregate demand measures will not solve America's growth and unemployment problems. Gunnar Myrdal here joins this "structuralist" school and makes their case beautifully, although he does not draw the same conclusions as they do.

He makes the essential points: there is an "underclass" in American society that is now virtually unemployable; ordinary Keynesian demand economics is "superficial and erroneous" when applied to modern America; "there is an ugly smell arising from the basement of the American mansion"; an ordinary boom will soon run into the bottleneck of insufficient skilled labor long before the "underclass" is employed; an attack on poverty and the problems of the slum class is essential not only for moral reasons but to make sustained economic growth possible. Needless to say, he advocates measures to increase aggregate demand as well, but much of it in the form of a very large increase in "social" Government spending.

The brief is powerfully argued but, to this reviewer at least, it is still not quite conclusive. For example, in the wonderful battle array of facts two enemy agents slip in: one-third of the very poor are old people and another third are women with no man in the house. This is a real poverty problem, but does it have any relation to "structural" unemployment or the maintenance of economic growth? The vicious circle of poverty in America, and the existence of an "underclass," is now largely accepted as a fact. It is awful. But neither Mr. Myrdal, nor Mr. Keyserling whose ideas run parallel, has yet proved that solving this problem is necessary to solve our problem of relatively slow growth and relatively high unemployment. At least until aggregate de-

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mand measures have been tried (for the first time in the United States) and have failed, one has the right to believe that a high level of business activity, now as in the past, will provide jobs and bring reasonably full employment—that the unskilled and uneducated will, as always, be "fed in at the bottom." What is more, no one, including Mr. Myrdal, has really proved that there is a lessened demand for relatively unskilled labor in our modern economy.

But to say one is unconvinced is not to say that Mr. Myrdal has been unconvincing. If one wants the structuralist case, one could not find it better put than here. This amazing Swede, who has always seen America with exceptionally penetrating eyes, has done it again. The only difference this time, perhaps, is that he breaks no new ground.

That Ambiguous Man

FRANCIS BACON AND THE MODERN DILEMMA. *By Loren Eiseley. University of Nebraska Press. $3.*

Reviewed by PAUL H. KOCHER

Of this little book of three essays, the first two, "The Man Who Saw Through Time" and "Bacon as Scientist and Educator," have previously been published in the *Saturday Evening Post* (May 19, 1962) and *Science* (April 21, 1961) respectively. The third essay, "Bacon and the Modern Dilemma," which gives its title to the book, appears to be a revised version of an address given at Lincoln, Nebraska, in 1960, when the author received the degree of Doctor of Laws from the University there. Publication of all three essays seems connected with the quatercentenary of Francis Bacon's birth in 1561.

Dr. Eiseley is well known and, in most quarters, much loved as the brilliant and

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✪ PAUL H. KOCHER is professor of English and Humanities at Stanford University. He is author of a book on Christopher Marlowe, and another on science and religion in Elizabethan England. A number of his papers on Francis Bacon have appeared in various learned journals.

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imaginative author of such prior books as *The Immense Journey* (1957), *Darwin's Century* (Phi Beta Kappa Award in Science, 1959), and *The Firmament of Time* (John Burroughs Medal for Natural History, 1960). By way of further introduction, it must be said that *Darwin's Century* is a work of solid scholarship in anthropology and paleontology and that Dr. Eiseley has spent much of his life in the academic world, especially at the University of Pennsylvania, where until recently he was Provost and where he is now University Professor.

Nevertheless, it seems clear enough that the writer's sympathies lie rather with those whom he calls in this third essay the "literary naturalists" and "parson naturalists" like Gilbert White, Thoreau, D'Arcy Wentworth Thompson, John Burroughs and perhaps Rachel Carson than with the purely academic naturalists of the present. The latter he considers as having given themselves in a blind paradox both to a misguided technology and to an equally misguided ideal of knowledge for its own sake. They have surrendered what Dr. Eiseley prizes most: the ethics of compassion, and something which he at times calls "mysticism." By the latter term Dr. Eiseley means, if I understand him correctly, a penetrating sense of the meaning behind life. For him, narrow academic naturalists today have stopped asking the question, Whence and Whither Mankind? This is the question Dr. Eiseley has asked most persistently in all his writings for the popular magazines and in all his books. Here resides for him the central problem. As a trained anthropologist he has studied it down the aeons and across the ice ages. As a man he has continually probed his scientific findings for larger answers from the past and has tried to project them into the future of the race. Dr. Eiseley's answers to the second part of his inquiry have grown grimmer as city has been piled upon city, and armament upon armament.

Perhaps that is why he has now turned to Francis Bacon as the prophet of an age when science should be used with such compassion of man for man that its findings would serve the whole human race in sobriety and peace. In fact, it is correct to say that Dr. Eiseley has imposed this interpretation upon Bacon, thus shaping the Renaissance philosopher into the desired mold. Of course, we all do the same, to some extent, with any figure of the past. But in Dr. Eiseley's interpretation of Bacon the results have been particularly sharp in central focus but fuzzy around the edges of the portrait, with the omission of vast areas of Bacon research and, more important, with a somewhat cavalier disregard of incongruous or contradictory elements even in that part of the portrait on which the focus falls.

First for the omissions. We get nothing but vague phrases about Bacon's fall from power and about the calculated power politics of the age. In this way we are left with a view of a basically innocent man crushed by unscrupulous political enemies. The moral issues involved are not explained. Worse, we are given also the false idea that Bacon sought political advancement only in order to further his scientific program. Biographies by Fulton Anderson and others may have transmitted this impression to Dr. Eiseley, but a thorough perusal of the documents pertaining to Bacon's political career would surely have led to some modification of this view. The documents are available in the complete original nineteenth-century edition by Spedding, Ellis, and Heath, which does not appear in Dr. Eiseley's bibliography. In short, on all questions of Bacon's professional biography and morals, or of his political and legal thought, we are met with virtually complete silence. Yet these matters constituted Bacon's career and engrossed most of his working hours.

On the problem of Bacon's views about natural science, about education, and about the nature of man Dr. Eiseley focuses one of the most delicately perceptive minds alive today. Here he says most that is worth hearing. And here he tries to show us a Bacon laboring in solitude against the contempt and misunderstanding of his own age to adumbrate a society in which science, rightly used, may become the salvation of the human race. Yet even here the lacunae are lamentable. Dr. Eiseley does not say

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that the problem of scientific method, with direct observation of nature, was receiving concentrated attention among the philosophers of Bacon's day, especially at the School of Padua, as J. H. Randall has been telling us. Justice would surely have required Dr. Eiseley to point out that Bacon's whole method showed a misunderstanding of the role of mathematics, the key to the future great discoveries of seventeenth-century science, and thus to contrast him with Galileo, his great contemporary, whose method was truly mathematical. It is hopeless also to gloss over the fact that Bacon was, in science, primarily a physicist and logician, not a biologist, anthropologist, sociologist or anything else. It is equally hopeless to omit mentioning that in Bacon's own day many experimental scientists, educators, preachers, poets and others were voicing the same thoughts that Bacon was voicing with a more gifted eloquence. One need not strip Bacon of all insight or originality, as some have done, but likewise one need not place him on some lonely eminence of prophecy, as Dr. Eiseley does. In short, the formal and technical treatments of Bacon and his age are such as to make a serious student of Renaissance thought throw up his hands in despair.

The general thrust of the book toward a saner, more compassionate human society, aware of the mysteries that surround it, conscious of the fragility of its past and future, however, redeems most faults. No man of good will can help applauding the book's objectives or the characteristic personal beauty of its style. One passage toward the end of the third essay stands out especially. It is a vision of mankind with two faces, one bestial, one ethereal, on the seat of a wagon drawn headlong by two horses into the night. This is Dr. Eiseley at his best. It is with this vision that the reviewer closes the book. He may then think back and come to the conclusion that although the writer has missed many of the visible limbs and outward flourishes of Bacon and his time, Dr. Eiseley may just possibly have seen more deeply than most into the mind and heart of that ambiguous man.

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—EDITOR

Hannah Arendt, in her article "Man's Conquest of Space" [AS: Autumn, 1963], gives the astronaut, shot into outer space, as the symbolic incarnation of Heisenberg's man. He is a person completely shielded by his instrument-laden capsule from physical contact with his surroundings.

I can think of another illustration. It appears in the advertisement of a quality-paper company. The advertisement wants to impress on us the importance of knowledge (hence of books, hence of paper) by telling us that the Nautilus, in her first sub-ice-cap Polar expedition, carried a library of over two thousand volumes. And, moreover, "eight men who were studying for advanced courses received certificates of completion at the very moment the Nautilus passed under the Pole."

These extreme examples of our alienation from the nonhuman environment appear to contrast sharply with what we read of Polar expeditions in former days. Consider, for instance, Robert Peary's race to the North Pole against the threat of full moon and ice breakage in 1909. Yet, Peary was not after physical encounter with nature. His motivation in fact was entirely abstract and human, namely, to be the first person to reach a certain geometrical point on the earth's surface.

YI-FU TUAN
The University of New Mexico

* * *

I have just this minute finished reading Joseph Wood Krutch's column in the Autumn SCHOLAR. If you don't mind *my* saying so . . . . . Hurrah!"

DOROTHY KIRK
Des Moines, Iowa

It took over one hundred years for Copernicus' heliocentric theory of the universe to effect the changes in man's conceptual framework that necessarily arose from its adoption. Part of the reason for this long passage of time is that Copernicus wrote in highly technical language accessible only to trained astronomers.

We are in a similar situation today, except that Copernicus was obscure by choice, whereas the modern physicist is obscure by necessity. Yet it seems to me that the difficulties attendant upon our understanding of the results of modern physics should not be an insuperable barrier to our understanding of how the physicist gets these results. This is the area where our conceptual framework needs to be rebuilt.

Miss Arendt, in "Man's Conquest of Space," asserts that this widening of our conceptual framework will be impossible to attain. The basis of her thesis is that the physicists, in searching for the reality behind the appearance of things, have gone beyond sense data and discarded human common sense—hence causality and language—in favor of chance and mathematical terminology. I purposely simplify her case, in order to make this point: for the "layman and the humanist to sit in judgment over what the scientist is doing," they must first understand what it is they are judging. To impute to practicing scientists a kind of striving toward the elucidation of the real world behind appearances, and to couple this with the assertion that the limits of human sense have been reached and passed beyond in scientific experiment, is to destroy any chance of understanding the method of science.

It is obvious that Miss Arendt does not really appreciate the effect on science that its own discoveries have produced. The exploration and characterization of inductive logic and probability theory, together with the modern revo-

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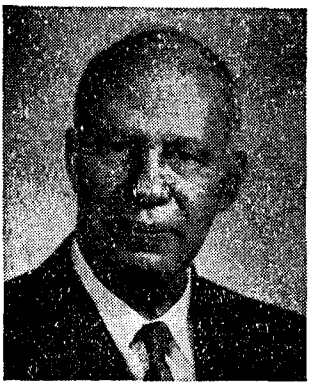

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lution in physics, have led most scientists and philosophers of science to advocate a less absolute and more fruitful position about the formation of scientific theory than those propounded by Aristotle, Bacon or Kant.

The hypothetical-inductive method (Campbell *et al.*) is one variation of this modern position. Roughly, it states that a good scientific theory explains as many observational data as possible, and predicts several data of observation that ought to be found by experiment. If these latter data are indeed observed, the theory is said to be confirmed. It will never be a "compellingly and demonstrably true statement." We may amass many data that add to the believability of the theory, but a conclusion from any inductive process can never be "right": it can only be less likely to be wrong.

The physicist has had to give up his search for reality, not because his senses have been passed over, but because they are all he has. I use "senses" to include the instruments with which most observational data are taken today. Now, Miss Arendt maintains that there is something philosophically poisonous about using an instrument to obtain data, especially on a very large or very small scale. This may be due to the fact that she confuses "anthropomorphic" with "anthropocentric." Granted, an anthropocentric physics that conceived of an electron as having human desires and aspirations would probably be useless. But an instrument designed to characterize an electron, since it is an intricate and precise extension of one or two human senses, will necessarily be somewhat anthropomorphic in nature.

A little thought will show that Miss Arendt's poignant paradox of Heisenberg's man disappears on this view of things. Besides this, Heisenberg's uncertainty principle is a consequence of one theory of physics and is fruitfully applied only to systems of the order of magnitude of the electron, with which a future astronaut will presumably not be directly concerned.

We are just passed the beginning of the atomic age. Logical positivism, operationism, and other philosophies of science are attempting to explain the workings of scientific theory to the scientist and to the layman. It is important that the question that Miss Arendt raises be answered. It is equally important that the question be asked in the right way.

Metaphysical specters have been chased out of the laboratory. It is high time they were chased out of the learned journals as well.

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